SPEED

Red Original

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"SPEED"

by

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The Mark Gordon Company

REVISED DRAFT
August 31, 1993
REVISED #1 (BLUE)
September 3, 1993
REVISED #2 (PINK)
September 17, 1993
REVISED #3 (GREEN)
September 20, 1993
REVISED #4 (YELLOW)
September 22, 1993
REVISED #5 (GOLDENROD)
September 24, 1993
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"SPEED"

FADE IN

1 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - TWILIGHT 1

A highrise in downtown L.A., framed tall against the mountains. People stream out of the front doors, leaving work.

CUT TO:

2 INT. BASEMENT 2

In the near darkness of basement, a security guard makes his way into an inner cellar. His flashlight finds a man in work clothes bent over a panel, his back to the light.

GUARD
Hey. This area's restricted. *

The man doesn't look around. We can just almost see his face as he talks.

MAN
Yeah, I, uh, got called in... some of this wiring got screwed up.

GUARD
Nobody called it down to me. I'm * gonna have to see a work order. *

MAN
Yeah... Just one second...

CLOSEUP ON HIS HAND

reaches into his toolbox.

He rises, turning, and A KNIFE IS SHOVED THROUGH HIS EAR. It is pulled back out with calm efficiency. The man turns, wide-eyed, hand to his ear. Mouth open in silent protest. Out of his hand drops the work order. He slumps over. Dies.

HOWARD FISK takes off the guard's hat. Dripping knife aside, he is an ordinary-looking man. His face is dead calm, only his eyes betraying the sea of hate behind it.

He drags the body into a dark corner, grabbing a duffle bag from out of the shadows. Then checking his watch, he goes to the panel and begins making adjustments of his own. WE PAN over to the door of the panel. It reads: ELEVATORS.

CUT TO:

3 INT. OFFICE TOWER - ELEVATOR BANK - 42ND FLOOR 3

It's the end of the day and people are waiting for the elevator. The doors open, it's already crowded inside. People groan, shuttle on. A YOUNG EXEC moos. A few people laugh.

4 INT. ELEVATOR 4

The young exec's FRIEND presses the LOBBY button, even though it's already lit. The young exec nods.

YOUNG EXEC
Thanks for pushing that, Bob. You never know -- the light's on, but maybe it's really broken.

FRIEND
Oh shut up.

A SWEATY MAN, 50s, overweight, presses tighter into the corner beside his SECRETARY. Pats at his brow with a hankie.

5 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT 5

The elevator descends quickly.

ELEVATOR CABLES

Something wired to the cables, just above the elevator car -- a slab of white putty, a black box, wires. A small red light flashes on the black box a split second before it EXPLODES.

THE CABLES

Whip and snap up the shaft like retreating snakes...

6 INT. THE ELEVATOR 6

...Blackout.

VOICES
What the hell?

7 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT 7

The elevator drops fast. The voices yell.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

EMERGENCY BRAKES

Pop out, dig into ratchets in the shaft walls. Sparks shoot out. The elevator shudders to a halt.

YOUNG EXEC
Jesus, Bob. What button did you push?

SMASH CUT TO:

8 EXT. OUTSIDE BUILDING - EVENING 8

A car comes SCREECHING to a halt near the front of the building, a red and blue light flashing on top. The door is thrown open and SWAT officer JACK TRAVEN steps out from behind the wheel almost before the car has stopped. Jack heads straight for the entrance as HARRY TEMPLE, his older partner gets out the other side and follows, tossing Jack his flak jacket. Jack puts it on without ever taking his eyes off the entrance as they make their way through police cars, firetrucks and various uniforms. WE SEE these two are a team, and that when they move, Jack takes the lead.

We are still TRACKING with Jack and Harry as WE SEE two more SWAT guys emerge from another car, fall into step. Another team joins them as they enter the:

9 INT. LOBBY 9

just as another pair burst in through another set of doors finally eight SWAT members all wordlessly in synch, walking with Jack and Harry until the whole unit stands in front of:

CAPTAIN HERB MCMAHON, 40s, on the PHONE...NORWOOD, his technical assistant, looks at BLUEPRINTS with BAGWELL, a middle-aged guy with "building maintainance supervisor" on his worksuit.

Then McMahon hangs up the phone, addresses the group.

MCMAHON
What we have is fifteen people on the express elevator just below floor thirty. Included among them is Louis Tremain, chairman of Nu-Tech and owner of this building. Bomb took out the cables. Bomber wants three million dollars, or he blows the emergency brakes.

HARRY
What's our clock?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

NORWOOD *
He gave one hour, which leaves us *
with twenty-three minutes exactly. *

A COP *
Anything else that'll stop the
elevator from falling?

JACK *
The basement.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2) 9

BAGWELL *
That's the truth. *

MCMAHON
The city is looking to avoid that event. They're gonna release the money.

HARRY
(not really asking)
We can't just unload the passengers.

MCMAHON
Bomber's wired the elevator doors and the hatch to trigger the bomb. Which seats him in the crazy but not stupid section.

JACK *
(raises his hand, *
smiles) *
Harry volunteers to examine the *
device. *

HARRY *
(glaring at Jack) *
Right. *

MCMAHON *
Fine. You two check it out. *

OTIS *
Nearest access panel's on the 32nd floor, in the hall by storage.

MCMAHON
I want reports only. We're in a * holding pattern. *
(to two others)
Worthy, Briggs. Secure the base area. No one in or out the back. *
(to others)
The rest of you confirm building evac. Move.

HARRY *
(to Otis, as McMahon is still giving orders)
What about the other elevators?

BAGWELL
In an emergency, all passenger cars go to the nearest floor and shut down.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3) 9

JACK
(smiles) *
Looks like we're walking.

CUT TO:

10 INT. STAIRWELL 10

COMBAT BOOTS thunder up a metal staircase. Jack and Harry sprint up the stairs.

CUT TO:

11 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT 11

Blackness. Sounds of a power drill, muffled, through a wall. A three-by-three foot metal access panel is lifted away; light enters the shaft. Jack and Harry crawl through and stand on top of the elevator, Jack addressing the passengers while Harry checks out the bomb. Jack has to raise his voice to be heard.

JACK
Ladies and gentlemen, this is the L.A.P.D.
(reactions; relief, confusion)
There's been an elevator malfunction. Just relax and we'll have you out of there as soon as possible.

Harry stands, gives Jack a significant look.

JACK
(smiling)
Am I lying?

HARRY
(into a mike at his chin)
Confirm on the secondary device. C4, molded to the brakes.
(to Jack)
What do you think?

JACK
You're the expert. I just work here.

HARRY
It's pretty solid.

JACK
Anyone we know?

HARRY
I don't recognize the work. But he's a pro.

MCMAHON
(voice over)
Traven, Temple. Hold position. We're waiting to hear back from him. Stay on idle.

Jack looks at his watch.

JACK
Shit.

HARRY
They're cutting it close.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

JACK
I don't like it.

HARRY
What's to like? Mac said hold. We hold.

But Jack is getting real fidgity now. He looks at his watch.

HARRY
(to distract him)
Okay. Pop quiz, hot shot. Uh... terrorist in a crowded room, five pounds of dynamite. He's got a deadman's stick; he lets go, it blows.

JACK
How close am I?

HARRY
Twenty feet.

JACK
Taser. Put enough volts in him, he won't let go for an hour.

HARRY
...uh, fifty feet.

JACK
Nice try. *
(Alternate)
Blow me! *

HARRY
Okay. Airport. Gunman with one hostage, using her for cover. He's almost on a plane, you're a hundred feet away.
(a moment)
Jack?

Jack is looking at the access panel. There is a moment before he comes back to Harry's train of thought. Then:

JACK
Shoot the hostage.

HARRY
What?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

JACK
Take her out of the equation. Go for the good wound and he can't get to the plane with her. Clear shot.

HARRY
You're deeply nuts, Jack. Shoot the hostage... *
*

JACK
(enough already)
This is wrong. He's gonna blow it anyway.

HARRY
Why?

JACK
I don't know. Gut feeling.

HARRY
Well, right now Mac still outranks your gut, so we sit.

JACK
How much do you think that elevator weighs?

HARRY
(he's at it again)
Christ, Jack...

Jack starts out of the shaft. Harry follows.

JACK
Maybe we can do something about those hostages.

HARRY
We're not gonna shoot 'em, right?

12 OMITTED 12

CUT TO:

13 EXT. ROOF - DUSK 13

Jack bursts out of a roof access door and starts looking for something. Harry follows him. Jack runs over to the edge of the roof where there is a WINCH used by window-washers. Large, heavy-duty.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

JACK
No, we just take 'em out of the equation.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ELEVATOR - SAME TIME 14

The passengers, white with terror, fidget.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ELEVATOR HOUSING SHED 15

Jack and Harry lug cable from the winch into the elevator housing on the roof.

HARRY
You sure it'll hold?

JACK
(confident)
It'll hold.
(to convince himself)
It'll hold.

Harry looks at his watch. *

HARRY
Six minutes. *

16 OMITTED 16

CUT TO:

17 INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME 17

Captain McMahon paces with his walkie talkie, talking to the brass at city hall. *

MCMAHON *
We can't GET any more time! He's *
not talking. We need the goddamn *
money NOW. *

CUT TO:

17A INT. ANOTHER PLACE - SAME TIME (FORMERLY SCENE 16)) 17A *

Fisk has a radio set-up, is listening in on the various police exchanges. He suddenly hears sounds of Harry and Jack echoing down the elevator shaft. *

HARRY *
Pop quiz, hot shot. Psycho rigs an elevator to drop thirty stories... *

CUT TO:

18 INT. THE ELEVATOR SHAFT 18

Jack is being lowered headfirst on a rope down the center of the shaft. He holds the window-washing cable with a hook on its end. He and Harry are speaking through their microphones. *

HARRY *
...What do you do? *

JACK *
Something else, right? *

He continues down. The elvator approaches. Jack comes to the elevator car...He signals and Harry stops. *

Jack looks leerily at the C4 by his feet. Quietly secures the hook to part of the elevator's frame. *

JACK *
Tell me again, Harry: why did I take this job? *

HARRY *
Come on. Thirty more years of this and you get a tiny pension and a cheap gold watch. *

JACK *
(excited) *
Cool. *

19 19
thru OMITTED thru
20 20

21 ANOTHER PLACE 21

Fisk listens. What are they up to? *

22 OMITTED 22

23 HOUSING SHED 23

Harry looks down the shaft one more time and runs out to: *

24 EXT. ROOF 24

Harry runs over to the window washing winch. He flips a switch and the winch starts pulling in the cable. *

25 INT. SHAFT 25 *

Jack watches as the extra cable starts unspooling, pulled up. He starts climbing for the access panel. *

26 EXT. ROOF 26

The winch spools in cable. *

26A INT. HOUSING SHED 26A *

Harry looks down at the elevator. *

27 ANOTHER PLACE 27

Fisk listens, hears the winch faintly. He fingers a small box with a plastic button and a timer counting down. * Three minutes left. We notice that the hand fingering * the box is missing its thumb. *

The hand starts moving more agitatedly. Fisk's face registers growing concern. Two minutes fifty-three * seconds. *

With sudden violence, he jabs the button. *

28 INT. ELEVATOR 28

Jack takes one final look down. There is still a bunch of slack cable lying on the elevator. On the bomb, a tiny * red light comes on. *

Without hesitation Jack HURLS himself through the access panel as the bomb BLOWS. *

29 INT. ELEVATOR 29

The passengers SCREAM as the elevator shakes, begins to drop. *

30 EXT. ROOF 30

The cable snaps tight -- *

INT. HOUSING SHED

-- nearly slicing Harry in two. He dives to the floor. *

31 THE ELEVATOR 31

Plummets. Comes to an abrupt stop. Springs slightly on the cable...

32 thru 33 OMITTED 32 thru 33

34 INT. LOBBY - NEAR THE ELEVATOR BANK 34

Everyone listening to the TWANGING of the cable echo down the shaft. *

BAGWELL *
Usually they fall down now. *

34A INT. HALL 34A *

Harry bursts in from the stairs. *

HARRY *
He's early! *

JACK *
Let's get them off. *

34B EXT. ROOF - THE WINDOW-WASHING WINCH (FORMERLY SCENE 33) 34B

The weight on the cable is starting to pull it from its foundation. It groans and starts to crack -- can't bear this weight for long. The wheels start to come off the track. Thenm with a loud bang, the winch breaks free, flies across the roof and comes to a stop at the door to the elevator machine room.

34C INT. HALL 34C

Jack and Harry look at each other. And BOLT.

35 ANOTHER FLOOR - JACK AND HARRY 35

Emerge from the stairs, race over to the elevator access panel...

HARRY *
(into mike) *
Mac! We need people on 28 now! *

36 THE WINDOW WASHING WINCH 36

Gives a bit more under the strain of the cable...

37 THE ELEVATOR 37

It drops a few inches. People <u>yell, gasp, cry</u>.

38 JACK AND HARRY 38

Get the last screw out of another access panel. They can see the bottom two feet of the elevator doors. With a grunt they pry open the doors. People's feet and the sounds of panic.

JACK/HARRY
On the floor! Hands and knees!
Let's move it!

A WOMAN lies down. Jack and Harry grab her hands, pull her out. Then another. They pull out the CEO. *

CEO *
What the hell is all this? *

Two more SWAT guys arrive and help pull.

39 THE WINCH 39

About to break free...

40 JACK AND HARRY 40

...Pull out two more people...

41 thru 43 OMITTED 41 thru 43

44 THE WINDOW WASHING WINCH 44

...Rips through the door frame, wedges against an ENGINE...

45 THE ELEVATOR 45

...Drops sharply. Oh God... But then it stops, now with only the top three feet of the elevator showing.

46 THE CABLE 46

Is being held by what's left of the platform -- some slats of splintering wood and lengths of bending metal. It's giving way slowly, an inch at a time.

47 JACK AND HARRY 47

Now pull people up to get them out. They see the elevator sinking, the opening closing. Two and a half feet. Two feet. They have one woman to pull out. She's halfway... her legs still in... *

48 THE CABLE 48

Pulls free as the mass of wood and metal finally gives way. *

49 THE ELEVATOR 49

Drops. *

JACK AND HARRY *

pull the woman as hard as they can as they huge metal box flies down, shooting out sparks -- *

HER LEGS *

sliding out as the top of the car races down on them -- she's not gonna make it -- *

50 ELEVATOR SHAFT 50

The elevator drops like a rock, trailing cable. It drops so far that it disappears from sight. A huge sound when it hits bottom.

51 INT. MAIN LOBBY 51

McMahon and the other SWAT and bomb guys are almost knocked off their feet by the impact reverberating throughout the building.

ELEVATOR DOORS

In the lobby buckle out from the air concussion.

52 INT. HALL 52

The woman, terrified, looks down at her legs. The elevator just clipped off her high heel. Jack and Harry exchange a look.

The other SWAT guys usher the rescued passengers to the stairwell as Jack and Harry lean against the wall, a little out of breath.

JACK
Is your watch slow?

HARRY
(shaking his head)
He jumped the gun. We had three minutes. *

JACK
Why does he do that? He's blowing three million.

HARRY
Maybe he couldn't hold his wad long enough. It's a common problem among middle-aged men, although I myself --

JACK
He's here.

HARRY
He could've blown that thing from Pacoima.

JACK
No, he knew we were up to something. He's close by.

HARRY
He's not gonna corner himself in the building. We evacuated anyway.

Jack does not reply, and Harry sees he's convinced. So he thinks.

HARRY
So he'd want to be here, but he'd want to be mobile.
(click)
The elevators.

JACK
Passenger cars were stopped, right? *
They checked 'em out. *

HARRY
What about the freight elevators?

CUT TO:

53 INT. BY FREIGHT ELEVATOR 53

They get to the freight elevator doors, pry them open. They look down. *

The freight elevator is stopped five floors below them. They can hear movement in the elevator. *

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

JACK
Will the mystery guest please sign in... *

Jack slides down the elevator cable. *

HARRY
Jack, we don't even know if -- *

But he's gone. After a moment's hesitation, Harry follows, climbing down rungs. *

54 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT 54

Jack and Harry move down the shaft. *

THE FREIGHT CAR

...as Jack arrives. Pulls his 9mm Glock and steps from the rungs lightly onto the car. HARRY right behind him. The car sinks slightly from their weight.

Jack points at the hatch cover on the elevator roof. Harry nods and pulls his Glock. He and Jack kneel by the hatch cover. Jack grabs the handle. Harry makes the countdown hand signals. Three, two -- *

A shotgun BLAST nearly takes their heads off, splintering * part of the hatch cover. Both men jump back. A second shot right by Harry's foot sends him jumping away, he * steps on the hatch cover and it gives way. He falls into * the elevator, hitting his head badly. *

JACK *
Harry! *

We HEAR Harry being knocked out by the butt end of a rifle. *

55 INT. ELEVATOR 55

Fisk's finger pushes a button on a control panel.

56 JACK 56

Sprawled out as the elevator starts to rise. Another shotgun blast takes out a plate-sized chunk right next to him.

Jack wants to return fire, but hears Harry yelling in pain and doesn't know where to shoot. Another blast right next to him keeps him prone in the corner. He senses something and looks up.

HIS P.O.V.

The elevator barrels toward the ceiling of the shaft.

JACK

With no other choice, jumps feet first through the pen hatch.

57 INT. ELEVATOR 57

Jack comes crashing down into the elevator, lands hard. The air is thick with shotgun smoke. The few lights not shot out flicker. Jack looks up and is transfixed. He's looking into...

THE BARREL OF A SHOTGUN

He hears a voice out of the smoke.

FISK
I don't suppose anybody would pay three million just for you.

Fisk chuckles. Then a loud, dull click. Another click. The shotgun is empty.

JACK

Brings his gun up fast.

JACK
Drop it!

The gun drops. Through smoke and flickering light, Jack gets a good look at Howard Fisk. Fisk is calm, his arm around the still groggy Harry. In his hand is a deadman's stick. His coat opens enough for us to see he has sticks of dynamite roped around his chest. *

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 57

FISK
Pop quiz, hotshot. Terrorist holding a police hostage. He's got enough dynamite strapped to his chest to blow the building in half. What do you do?

58 INT. LOBBY 58

McMahon screams into his walkie talkie.

MCMAHON
I want location on those goddamn shots! Briggs! Where is Jack and Harry? * *

NORWOOD
Sir, we got movement in the freight elevator.

McMahon looks at him, puzzled.

59 INT. ELEVATOR 59

Jack keeps steady aim at Fisk.

JACK
There's gonna be fifty cops waiting for us in the basement.

FISK
Standard flanking deployment, right.

Fisk opens the elevator control panel. Wires feed into a small box Fisk has hooked up. Fisk hits a couple of buttons.

FISK
Maybe we'll just get off on the third floor.

60 INT. LOBBY 60

The elevator indicator light stops at the third floor.

MCMAHON
Third floor! Let's move it!

The SWAT cops run.

61 INT. ELEVATOR 61

Ding! The elevator reaches P1.

FISK
Well, end of the line. This day has been a real disappointment, I don't mind saying.

JACK
Why, 'cause you didn't get to kill everyone?

True hatred flashes in Fisk's eyes.

FISK
There'll come a time, boy, you'll wish you never met me.

JACK
I'm pretty much there already.

Fisk starts to back up, dragging Harry with him.

FISK
See, I'm in charge here! I drop this stick, they pick up your friend with a sponge. *

ANGLE ON HARRY

The Deadman's stick right before his eyes.

FISK
(to Harry)
Are you ready to die, friend? *

HARRY
Fuck you.

FISK
(warily)
In two hundred years we've gone from 'I regret that I have but one life to give for my country' to 'fuck you.' *

HARRY
Go ahead! Drop the stick!

JACK
(to Harry)
Shut up!

FISK
Man, we got all the balls in the world right here!

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

JACK
Give it up!

Fisk drags Harry out. Jack doesn't know what to do.

Harry looks at Jack. He barely mouthes the words.

HARRY
Shoot the hostage.

Jack can't move. Fisk and Harry head toward swinging doors that lead to the garage. Jack watches, gun trained on Fisk.

HARRY
Do it.

He shifts aim and BLASTS Harry in the leg. Harry goes down and Fisk can't take him anywhere. Almost laughing with disbelief, Fisk lets go, starts running.

Jack starts shooting through the pipes and crates. One of the shots grazes Fisk in the neck, spins him back to face Jack. Even then, Fisk has this strange grin on his face.

FISK

STUMBLES through the doors.

JACK

Runs after him, reloading as he does...

THE DOORS

...Swing back and forth. They slow. Stop.

62 OMITTED 62

63 A HUGE EXPLOSION 63

Blasts out from the garage. Rips the doors from their hinges. Lights go out. Plaster and cement flies.

JACK

Is knocked fifteen feet back into the far wall. He lies still.

63A thru 63B OMITTED 63A thru 63B

FADE TO BLACK

64 INT. CITY HALL MEDAL CEREMONY - DAY 64

The elevator hostages and cops in attendance. Jack and Harry stand to one side of the podium in full dress uniform as the Mayor gives a droning speech. Harry has a cane.

MAYOR
...the dedication and bravery that make L.A.'s finest truly her finest. Fifteen citizens owe their lives to this team, and particularly the two officers we are here to honor... Thanks to them, the only life taken by a terrorist's bomb was his own...

ANGLE ON JACK AND HARRY

Eyes front. Harry quietly fumes.

HARRY
You shot me...I can't believe it... they're giving you a medal for shooting me, you little prick...

The Commissioner pins on Harry's medal. There is applause. The Commissioner moves to pin on Jack's medal and we: *

CUT TO:

65 INT. FISK'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS 65 *

WE SEE the ceremony on TV, a close-up of Jack's face as the audience applauds again, somewhat louder. PULL OUT TO REVEAL a bank of four TVs, all showing the same shot of Jack. The TVs are all fairly old, not fancy.

Fisk sits before the screens, stone faced. Slowly, loudly, he applauds. *

CLOSE UP ON HIS HANDS

Again WE SEE it; no left thumb. *

65A EXT. FISK'S HOUSE 65A *

We hear the clapping as WE SEE his house in the twilight. A completely unremarkable suburban home, flanked by two more just like it.

CUT TO:

66 INT. BAR - THAT NIGHT 66

The local cop dive. The cops sit clustered at a few tables, celebrating. McMahon is standing, making a toast.

MCMAHON *
Okay. Okay. Here's to Harry, for his quick thinking, his grace under pressure and his brave and selfless act...

Many "Here here"s.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

MCMAHON
...and to Jack, for shooting Harry, which God knows we've all wanted to do for some time.

Laughs. McMahon quiets them.

MCMAHON
No. Okay. You know what it is: To the guys, for doing your job and not getting dead. Mazeltov.

Everyone drinks. McMahon sits as Jack is called upon to speak.

COPS
Speech! Jack, a toast! Come on.

He doesn't want to, but he stands.

JACK
Okay. Um, I'd like to thank all the little people --

Many boos.

JACK
-- I'm fuzzy on names, but I know you're all very tiny. Harry, you're a god... Uh, I don't know... here's to...tiny pension and a cheap gold watch.

"Here Here"s. Everyone drinks.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 INT. BAR - LATER 67

The dregs of the occasion. The few that are left are fairly soused. McMahon and Jack are at the bar, talking. The bartender, SANDY, pours them each a shot. *

SANDY *
Here you go. Thirty-fifth round is on the house. *

JACK *
(to Mac) *
Nobody wanted me to be a cop. My dad said if I wanted to prove myself as a man I should sell tires like him. *
(to Sandy, re: shots) *
His is bigger than mine. *

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

Harry sits at the table with a few cops, including ROBIN, * a female cop. He vaguely paws at her as she stands. *

HARRY
Come here. Come on, hey, sit on my lap. Sit on my lap and do a dance.

She fends off his hands.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2) 67

ROBIN
(good naturedly)
Piss off, Harry. You're married.

HARRY
I am?

ANGLE ON JACK AND MCMAHON

MCMAHON
That's what this job is. It's those moments when everything compresses and it's just you and him. That moment. Other jobs are just typing. And that's what real people don't understand about cops.

JACK
That we're psychotic.

MCMAHON
Yes. Well put. That was your problem with what's-her-name. What was her name?

JACK
(thinks a moment)
Debbie.

MCMAHON
Debbie.
(remembering)
Donna!

JACK
Oh. Right.

ANGLE ON HARRY

Is looking at a picture of his wife in his wallet.

HARRY
This is my wife? She's gorgeous! I'm going home! I'm gonna get some.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3) 67

He staggers up and over to Jack as McMahon heads for the john.

HARRY
Jaaaaaack. *

JACK
(imitating him) *
Haaaaarry. Druuuuuunk. *

HARRY
(puts his arm around him)
Jack...You know what we are? We're the two luckiest guys in the world. Got the bad guy and didn't lose any civilians.

JACK
We're good.

HARRY
(dead serious, in his face)
We're lucky. Understand it, Jack. We were dealing with a total psycho; he could have blown us up anytime. I got a bullet in me -- six inches off the mark and they give the medal to my wife.

JACK
Harry, man, we won. We got him.

HARRY
Do you listen? I'm not gonna be backing you up for a long while, so you gotta start thinking. Guts'll get you so far, and then they'll get you killed. Luck runs out, Jack. Sooner or later.

A moment, as Harry's words sink in. Harry's said his piece: he pulls himself up, swaying. Jack helps him.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (4) 67

HARRY
I'm gonna go home and have some sex.

JACK
Harry, you're gonna go home and throw up.

HARRY
Well, that'll be fun too.

As they EXIT FRAME we:

CUT TO:

68 INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - MORNING 68

Jack's airy Venice loft apartment. Very clean, slightly industrial in look. A large model of a sailing boat proudly displayed in one corner, the other corner holds a complete entertainment center. Sports equipment is carefully placed along one wall.

Jack wakes up lying on top of his covers, wearing shorts and a tee shirt. He looks much the worse for wear. The TV is on by the bed, the Today show blaring at Jack. He sits slowly up and regards the TV with a bleary eye.

JACK
Katie...Love me, Katie. Bryant will never respect you the way I do.

Wincing from a hangover, he pulls on his sneakers. Gets up, grabs some aspirin that he chews like candy, going for * the door and the CAMERA TRACKS ALONG, leading him as he heads out...

69 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE 69

...the door and starts slowly down the street, jogging, picking up speed, the bleariness leaving his face and we are still leading him along as he starts sprinting, running flat out down the sun-baked street.

CUT TO:

70 INT. JACK'S BATHROOM - LATER 70

Jack stands under a steaming hot shower, face to the water.

CUT TO:

71 OMITTED 71

72 EXT. STARBUCKS - A LITTLE LATER 72

Jack is exiting with a cup of coffee as BOB parks his bus across the street and runs to the cafe.

BOB
Hey, Jack. You look like a side order of hash. *

JACK
Thanks, Bob. *

VINCE
The boy was up late celebrating. *

VINCE has Bob's coffee ready; they make the exchange like clockwork.

Jack heads for his car as Bob crosses back to his bus.

BOB
Wild party, huh? *

JACK
I don't remember that well. Can't have been too great; I woke up alone. *

BOB
Yeah, well, last time I partied like that I woke up married. *

Bob hops in the bus and takes off. Jack puts his breakfast on the top of his car as he digs for his keys.

THE BUS

explodes.

JACK

half-turns as the shock wave knocks him off his feet. Car alarms wail. People run. The bus carcass burns, twisted metal and flaming plastic where Bob was. Jack moves forward on instinct, but there's nothing he can do and the flames force him back.

As Jack stares in shock, we notice a PHONE RINGING, getting louder as it filters into Jack's consciousness. Suddenly it dawns on him and he turns, dreamlike, and walks to the phone. Picks up the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: 72

FISK
What do you think, Jack? You think if you can find all the driver's teeth they'll give you another medal?

JACK
Jesus...

INTERCUT WITH:

73 INT. FISK'S CAR 73

A big old American car. He has it parked a block or two away. He speaks on a cellular.

FISK
Twenty second delay on the Deadman's stick. I'm in the airduct when it blows. Did you think I wouldn't have prepared? I spent two years setting up my elevator job. Two years. I invested myself in it. You couldn't understand the commitment I have. A child, Jack, you're a child. You ruin a man's life's work, and then you think you can walk away? You got blinders on, to the world. But I got your attention now. Didn't I, Jack?

JACK
Why didn't you just come after me? *

FISK
Oh, now you're getting a swelled head. This is about my money, the money I'm due, which I will get. Three point seven million dollars. That's what my original sum, plus interest compounded quarterly and expenses. None of this had to happen, Jack. I hope you realize that. That bus driver could have gone home to his wife and children tonight. How long do you think it'll be before they start worrying about him? He's so late coming home...

JACK
(nearly losing it)
When I find you, man, I'm gonna kill you all over.

FISK
Pop quiz, hotshot. There's a bomb on a bus. Once the bus hits fifty miles an hour, the bomb is armed. If the bus drops below fifty, it blows up. What do you do?

Jack is still lost.

FISK
What do you do?

Jack pauses, accepting the challenge.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

JACK
I'd want to know what bus it was.

FISK
You think I'm going to tell you that?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2) 73

JACK
Yes.

FISK
(smiles)
Very good.
(smile vanishes)
Now there's rules, Jack; we have to do this right. No one gets off the bus. If you take any of the passengers off, I will detonate it. If I don't get my money by 11:00 a.m., there is also a timer.

Jack looks at his watch. It's 8:05.

JACK
We can't pull that money in time --

ANGLE ON FISK

FISK
Focus, Jack! Your concern is the bus. Don't try to call, you'll find their radio is down. It's Number 2525, running downtown from Venice. It's at the corner of Lincoln and Pico. Should be heading onto the freeway right about... *

ANGLE ON THE PHONE

Swinging on the line. Jack's already gone.

FISK
... now.

SMASH CUT TO:

74 JACK'S CAR 74

Tires squeal as Jack pulls out.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. BUS STOP 75

The bus is pulling away. ANNIE, an attractive twentysomething in an Arizona tee shirt and casual clothes, bolts after it. It is a good half block away by the time she reaches it. She runs alongside, yelling at the driver, mimes begging, smiling, praying.

SAM, the driver, finally relents. He stops and opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

SAM
This look like a stop to you?

ANNIE
(hopping on)
You're a saint, Sam. You're a good, kind man and people will write songs about you one day. *

She smiles at him, chewing on a wad of gum. He starts up again as she digs in her pockets for fare. She comes up with bills.

ANNIE
Do you have any change?

He rolls his eyes as:

76 ANGLE ON THE BUS 76

It pulls onto the freeway. *

77 INT. THE BUS 77

Annie is exchanging money with MRS. KAMINO, an Asian office worker.

ANNIE
Thanks. I have all this change at home, but I always forget... *

MRS. KAMINO
That's okay.

She deposits the change and makes her way to the middle of the bus. She waves to ORTIZ, a large repairman. *

ANNIE *
Hey, Ortiz. *

ORTIZ *
Annie. *

She plops herself down in front of DOUG STEPHENS, an obvious tourist. *

STEPHENS
First time in L.A.

ANNIE
No, I live here.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

STEPHENS
No, I mean mine. Well, that's just funny -- you heard me wrong. I'm sightseeing. I hate to use the word 'tourist', but --
(holds up his map and camera)
-- It's not like I can hide it!

ANNIE
Not really.

STEPHENS
You know, it took me three hours just to get here from the airport. I got so lost. L.A. is one large place. But you live here, you probably don't notice. I'm such a yokel. There; I said it.

While he is saying it, Annie quickly sticks her gum on her seat.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2) 77

ANNIE
Oh! There's gum on my seat! Oh, eew.

She stands, points.

ANNIE
(as if teaching him the word)
Gum.

Thus excused, she makes her way back to the front. She sits by HELEN, a middle-aged secretary. Smiles vaguely at her.

ANNIE
Morning.

HELEN
You're lucky, you know. Sam wouldn't stop for just anyone.

ANNIE
Yeah, well, if he'd be late once I wouldn't have to catch him.

HELEN
Not our Sam.

78 EXT. SANTA MONICA STREETS - DAY 78

Frustrated, Jack weaves in and out of traffic, honking, yelling...Turns onto Lincoln in a controlled four-wheel skid.

79 EXT. BUS (MOVING) - FREEWAY 79

The bus is picking up speed.

80 EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP 80

Jack speeds up the on-ramp almost sideswiping a new Black XJ-12 Jaguar convertible. The DRIVER screams at Jack.

81 INT./EXT. BUS (MOVING) - FREEWAY 81

The bus in traffic, picking up speed. The speedometer reads 45 and climbing. *

A few passengers are talking; others are reading -- a day like any other day. Annie looks at her watch, addresses Helen. *

HELEN
Oh I just couldn't drive on the freeways anymore. I would get so tense. This way I can just relax all the way to work.

ANNIE
Well, I love my car. I miss my car.

HELEN
In the shop?

ANNIE
Nnnhyyeah.

HELEN
Do you work downtown?

ANNIE
Uh-huh.
(off Helen's expectant pause)
I'm a graphic designer.

HELEN
Really? Where do you work?

ANNIE
Uncle Salty's Seafood Hut.

Helen nods understandingly.

ANNIE
(as a perky waitress) *
Try the shrimp fries, only fifty cents extra.
(as a human) *
Anyway it's only temporary, till I can get enough money together *
to shoot myself. *

82 EXT. FREEWAY 82

Jack is frantic, weaving in and out of traffic.

83 INSERT - BUS SPEEDOMETER 83

almost touches 50... then eases off.

There's a traffic jam ahead and the bus slows down.

Passengers groan.

ANNIE
(to Sam, re: cars)
Can't you go over them?

83A EXT. FREEWAY 83A *

Jack grins. It's going to be okay.

84 EXT. THE FREEWAY 84

A half-mile ahead, there's an accident blocking the three right lanes. There are flames on the road and a POLICEMAN is trying to direct traffic. Traffic is backed-up a hundred yards from the accident and is tunneling through the one open lane -- the far left lane.

Jack sees the bus. It is mired in the jam as well. But it's all the way over to the left, fifty yards from Jack.

Jack pulls his car over onto the right shoulder, stops and gets out. He hurries for the bus. It's a race against time, as the bus is heading for the choke point, building speed as the cars funnel through ahead of it.

Jack gets to the bus, just as it's about to go past the accident. He runs along beside it, knocking on the bus door.

JACK
Stop! Open up!

MRS. KAMINO
That guy really wants to get on the bus.

ANNIE
(dryly)
Can you blame him?

SAM
Get off the doors, man! Wait for the next one.

JACK
L.A.P.D.! Stop the bus!

But he is barely audible from inside. He pulls his badge out of his back pocket, but is bumped by a passing car in the right lane, and drops it.

HELEN
Maybe you should let him on, Sam.

Annie gives a concerned look. *

Sam speeds up to get away from Jack as Jack retrieves the badge.

A young Hispanic, RAY, watches Jack chasing the bus. He looks around at everyone nervously. Says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

Jack tries to get in front of the bus, but Sam doesn't slow down, so Jack has to get out of the way.

The bus is getting away. He's running as fast as he can. He tries to pull open the rear doors. No go. The doors slip from his grasp. He pounds futilely on the last plastic side panel, and the bus is gone.

Jack staggers, doubles over, exhausted.

Cars honk at him, swerve around him.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2) 84

Jack looks back. His car is a half mile back, still in thick traffic, not an issue. Jack steps out in front of the oncoming cars. *

JACK
Stop!

We hear brakes screeching and a man yelling. *

JAGUAR OWNER
What the fuck?

THE JAGUAR OWNER, late 20s, curses Jack from behind the Wheel of his brand-new XJ-12 CONVERTIBLE. Jack flashes a badge.

JACK
LAPD. Get out of the car.

JAGUAR OWNER
Oh, Jesus, not again.
(to Jack, pissed)
This is my car, okay? I own this car. It is not stolen.

Jack pulls his gun.

JACK
It is now.

Jack opens the door.

JACK
Move over.

The man hesitates a second, then gets up and climbs over the center console into the passenger seat. Jack holsters his gun, jumps in and steps on it.

JAGUAR OWNER
You scratch this puppy, we're gonna have words.

85 INT. THE BUS 85

Sam accelerates. We hear the automatic transmission downshift.

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

45 and climbing...

86 JACK 86

Chasing the bus, weaving in and out of traffic, honking, flashing the Jag's lights. The car's owner holds on with white knuckles and eyes closed.

87 INSERT - BUS SPEEDOMETER 87

46, 47...

88 JACK 88

Catches up to the bus. He lays his hand on the horn.

SAM

Looks down from the bus at Jack. Double takes. It's the same guy who was running after the bus! And he's yelling something. *

ORTIZ
Man definitely has a hard-on for this bus. * *

Ray watches the car with growing unease. He gets up and goes to the rear of the bus, slumps way down.

JACK

Trying to be heard above the engine noise

JACK
I'm a cop!

Sam's eyes narrow. He opens the window.

SAM
What?

Jack flashes his badge.

JACK
L-A-P-D. There's a bomb on your bus!

JAGUAR OWNER *
(shocked) *
There's a -- fuck! *

SAM
I can't hear you.

JACK
<u>There's a bomb on the bus</u>.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 88

Sam shakes his head -- he can't hear Jack.

Jack looks around. Sees sheet music on the back seat.

JACK
Grab that, willya? I need something to write on.

The Jaguar Owner hesitates a beat, then grabs the sheet music.

JACK
I want you to write on the back in big letters. Bomb on bus.

JAGUAR OWNER
Is this for real? *

JACK
Just write it.

The Jaguar Owner starts to write. Jack accelerates sharply, snapping the Jaguar Owner's head back. The Jaguar pulls in front of the bus...

ON THE BUS

Sam and the passengers are looking out at Jack, wondering what the hell is going on.

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

48, 49...

JAGUAR

The Jaguar Owner holds the sheet music up. The wind RIPS it from his hands.

SAM

looks up as the sheet music PLASTERS against his windshield: BOMB ON BUS. Sam stunned. Then the wind WHIPS it away. Sam breaks into a cold sweat...

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

48, 49, 50.

89 UNDER THE BUS 89

A mass of slabs of white putty wired to a black box. A red light comes on, blinks. The explosives are armed.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 89

TWO OTHER SMALLER BOMBS

Also under the bus, are armed. We don't see exactly where they are. They are just one cake of C-4 apiece.

90 INT. THE BUS 90

Sam's eyes go wide.

SAM'S FOOT

Instinctively eases off the gas.

BUS SPEEDOMETER

Dropping 55, 54, 53...

JACK

Sees the bus slow. He looks down at the Jag's speedometer. It reads 55.

JACK
No!

Sam looks at Jack, the bus continuing to slow. Jack motions for him to speed up.

JACK
Speed up!

SAM'S FOOT

Holds the pedal steady.

THE BUS

The speed levels off. Sam looks questioningly at Jack. Jack yells as loud as he can. *

JACK
FIFTY! STAY ABOVE FIFTY! *

Sam hears him. He looks at Jack -- does he mean what he thinks he means? Jack nods. Sam trembles a little. * *

SAM'S FOOT

Presses down on the gas pedal, accelerating.

91 JACK 91

Driving intently. The owner has his cellular phone out.

JACK
470-8000. Ask for Detective Harry Temple.

JAGUAR OWNER
Harry Temple. It's urgent.

He listens a moment, then hands the phone to Jack.

JACK
Harry.

INTERCUT WITH:

92 INT. POLICE STATION 92

Harry at his desk: a sleepy morning. Robin and SWAT Cop #1 are working in the b.g. * *

HARRY
You better not be calling in sick, 'cause I dragged my ass out of --

JACK
He's alive.

HARRY
What?

JACK
The bomber, Harry. He's back.

McMahon and Norwood burst in, in mid-conversation.

NORWOOD
He hit one in Venice already. Fire chief says there's nothing left.

MCMAHON
Temple! We just got a ransom demand from your dead terrorist! Says he rigged a city bus. Where's Jack?

HARRY
Where do you think?

93 EXT. FREEWAY - JACK 93

is driving like a maniac. The Jaguar fishtails on the shoulder, car horns blaring at him. Jack gets back alongside the bus -- now on the bus's right, by the door. He's worried. The traffic is already thickening.

JACK
Shit. I gotta get on that bus.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

ON THE BUS

Sam hears a honk and looks out the passenger door.

Jack has pulled the Jag around to that side. He's driving on the shoulder, yelling at him. He can't make him out.

Sam flips the door control.

JACK
Drive straight. Stay in this lane.

SAM
What?

JACK

Looks around. How to do this? He looks at the Jag's door -- it's a problem. So he speeds ahead of the bus, opens the door, swings it wide. The wind tries to push it shut but he holds it.

JAGUAR OWNER
What are you doing?

JACK
Are you insured?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2) 93

JAGUAR OWNER *
(panicked) *
Why? *

But Jack is already slamming on the brakes. *

JAGUAR OWNER
Shit! *

THE JAGUAR'S WHEELS

Smoke.

THE BUS

Comes up fast, smashes into the door, rips it off.

ON THE BUS

Everyone looks in amazement as the Jaguar, minus the door, slows beside the bus.

JACK
Keep straight!

JAGUAR

JACK *
Take the wheel! *

He stands on the edge of the seat as the owner scrambles * to get into it. Jack prepares to jump. He's just about * to. But... *

SAM

Some YAHOO in front of him is going forty. He has to swerve.

JACK

Yells, leaps from his car. It doesn't look like he's going to make it. His right hand grabs the bottom of the handrail at the front of the bus. Jack howls. His shoulder is wrenched.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (3) 93

HIS FEET

Are dragging over the pavement.

THE JAGUAR

The owner is struggling to get control of the car. He can't do it in time. The Jag plows into the big yellow water-filled collision barrels at an off-ramp.

The driver, unhurt, cranes to see if Jack made it okay.

JACK

Pulls himself with one arm, up onto the bus steps.

94 INT. BUS 94

Jack catches his breath, looks up. Dusts himself off. Everyone on the bus is staring at him. Jack holds up his badge. Ray looks around him, cornered. * *

JACK
Everybody, I'm Jack Traven, L.A.P.D. We got a slight...situation on the bus here...

Annie rises from her seat.

ANNIE
What's going on? Are you crazy?

JACK
Ma'am, if you'll please sit down, we can deal with this in an orderly --

ANNIE
But what are you --

JACK
Ma'am.

His tone is so stern she sits right down. Jack makes his way down the bus, looking at everybody.

In the back, Ray starts sweating as Jack approaches.

His hands reach for something under his coat.

JACK
... If everybody will just stay in your seats and remain calm and quiet, then we'll be able to defuse the...problem. So, sit tight.

Ray suddenly leaps out of his seat.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2) 94

RAY
Get away from me! *

He levels a gun at Jack. Instinctively Jack whips his own out, and the two are at close range stand-off. Ray looks more scared than anything. There are a few screams.

JACK
I don't know you, man. I'm not here for you. Let's not do this.

RAY
(to Sam)
Stop the bus! *

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2) 94

JACK
He can't.

RAY
Shut up!

He moves forward. Jack backs up, slowly.

TERRY
(to Ray)
Stay cool, man.

RAY
(to Sam)
Stop the bus!

Sam looks around, unsure what to do.

JACK
Look. I'm putting my gun away.
(he does, slowly)
Okay? Okay? Listen. I don't care about your crime. Whatever you did, I'm sure... that you're sorry, and so it's cool now. It's over.
(he drops his badge on the ground)
And I'm not a cop right now. See? We're just two cool guys. Just hanging on the bus.

Despite the fumbling manner of Jack's speech, his tone does have a hypnotic lull. Ray looks like he might lower the gun.

Ortiz jumps him.

JACK
NO!!!

He rushes forward as Ortiz and Ray struggle. A SHOT goes off, everyone ducking and screaming. A second shot.

The driver's partition SHATTERS. Sam lurches to one side, hit in the back.

HELEN
Sam!!!

The bus swerves sickeningly as Sam slumps over. Annie dives for the wheel, Helen to help Sam.

Jack moves in and with two crunching blows disarms and subdues Ray. Simultaneously:

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (3) 94

ANNIE
(to Helen)
Move him!

HELEN
He's bleeding!

ANNIE
I've got to stop this thing!

Jack spins around.

JACK
NO! Stay above fifty!

ANNIE
We've got a wounded --

JACK
You slow down and this bus'll explode!

Silence. Annie looks briefly back at Jack, sees he's not kidding. She looks back at the speedometer, which is almost under 51. Pushes her foot on the accelerator. Jack addresses everyone as he handcuffs Ray to a pole.

JACK
There is a bomb on this bus. If we slow down, it'll blow.
(clicks on one cuff)
If anyone tries to get off, it'll blow.
(clicks on the other)

Wide eyes, some quiet tears. Terry stands up. *

TERRY *
Oh, this is bullshit! Nobody's * gonna -- This is some joke! *

JACK
(in his face)
Are we gonna have a problem now?

A moment. Terry backs down. *

HELEN
He's bleeding bad! I don't know what to do. There's all this blood...

Mrs. Kamino pulls off her sweater, going over and wrapping it around Sam's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (4) 94

JACK
We're only gonna make it through this if everybody stays calm and sits down.
(to Ortiz)
That means you, Gigantor.

Terry moves to help lay Sam out more comfortably. Jack goes over to Annie. She is staring straight ahead, death grip on the wheel: she's terrified.

ANNIE
This is great. A bomb on wheels.

JACK
Ma'am, can you handle this bus? *

ANNIE
Sure. Sure, I can do this. It's just like driving a really big Pinto.

JACK
(not amused)
Can you handle it? *

ANNIE
(bridles)
I'm fine. What's the plan, is there a plan? *

JACK
(taking the cellular from his back pocket)
Just for you to drive. We're okay for now. Just stay above fifty. *

She takes a breath. Calms herself. He dials. *

ANNIE
You're a cop, right?

JACK
That's right.

ANNIE
Then I should probably tell you: I'm just taking the bus 'cause I had my driver's license revoked.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (5) 94

JACK
What for?

ANNIE
Speeding.

He allows himself a grin as he dials.

95 EXT. HELIPAD 95

Norwood and McMahon board a police chopper. It lifts off.

96 EXT. FREEWAY 96

The bus races along. High above it we see the local news helicopters, cameras trained on it.

97 INT. FISK'S ROOM 97 *

All four TVs are on, playing all the different newscasts. Fisk sits, watching the various helicopter shots of the bus.

We focus in on channel 7, the newscaster's voice rising from the general cacophany.

CHANNEL 7 ANCHOR
Apparently a member of the L.A.P.D. SWAT team boarded the bus just minutes ago...

FISK
Would that be you, Jack? *

98 INT. BUS CUT TO: 98

Jack on the phone.

JACK
Where do we start?

INTERCUT WITH:

99 INT. POLICE STATION 99

Harry at his desk. Robin and SWAT Cop #1. *

HARRY
Okay...Check the speedometer. Has it been fucked with, loosened... any wires?

Jack checks.

JACK
No, it's clean.

HARRY
Then it's gonna be under the bus. Probably rigged to one of the axles.

JACK
I can't get under the bus right now, Harry. It's kind of in motion.

Sam makes a grunting sound in Jack's direction.

HELEN
Officer? Hey, Officer Traven.

She beckons to Jack, who kneels by Sam.

SAM
There's... access panel... in the floor.

He points to the center of the bus.

JACK
(into phone)
Hold on.

He goes over and unscrews the panel, pulls it aside. Pavement rushes beneath him. He hands the phone to Stephens.

JACK
Hold on to this, please. Tell him what I see.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: 99

Stephens takes the phone nervously as Jack sticks his head down through the hole. It is dark and cramped down there.

JACK
Okay, there's a wad right here, pretty big...

STEPHENS
(into phone)
There's a pretty big wad...

JACK
Brass fittings... I think I can reach the circuit wire.

STEPHENS
He can reach the circuit wire.

HARRY
Don't. That'll be a decoy. Classic.

STEPHENS
(to Jack)
That's your classic decoy.

HARRY
What else?

JACK
Hold on...

It's hard to see very far with tanks and pipes. Jack lowers his head even further down. From his P.O.V., the undercarriage closer to the front comes into view.

JACK
Fuck me...

There is an obscene mass of plastique stuck to the front. Detonators, wires, a jerry-rigged timer built around a gutted gold wristwatch. A lot of the gold plating has flaked off, dull grey beneath. *

STEPHENS
(translating) *
Oh darn... *
*

Jack pulls himself out of the hole, grabs the phone.

JACK
Harry, there's enough C4 on this thing to put a hole in the world.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2) 99

HARRY
(worried)
All right, be calm like me. What else?

JACK
Three triggers. One on the axle I can't really see. Cellular remote and a timer, running off a wristwatch.

Something about that bothers Harry.

HARRY
What kind of watch?

JACK
Too far to see. Gold band, fairly cheesy.

ANNIE
Officer...

JACK
What's on your mind, Harry?

ANNIE
Traven, NOW!

Jack races to the front, looks out the window with Annie.

100 THEIR P.O.V. 100

Ahead, a domino tide of red brake lights washes back.

JACK
Get on the shoulder.

Annie nods, veers onto the right shoulder, blasting past the slowing traffic. But then they see...

THEIR P.O.V.

A half-mile ahead, there's a STALLED CAR being rolled onto the back of a TOW TRUCK on the shoulder. Behind it, there's an OFF-RAMP.

ANNIE
Get off or stay on?

JACK
(thinks)
Shit.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

Annie tries to squeeze the bus between the tow truck and the slow lane. She hits the car on back, sends it FLYING over the front of the truck. She keeps going, sideswiping several cars.

ANNIE
Jack...What now?

JACK
Off. OFF!

Annie steers off the freeway at the last second, onto the exit ramp.

101 EXT. THE BUS 101

Roars down the off-ramp, slamming into the water barrels. Far ahead, cars are stopped at the light. The ramp is a single lane. The bus jumps the curb, taking out roadway signs, reflectors and car mirrors. *

INT. THE BUS

For the next few minutes, whenever she doesn't need to use both hands to drive, her hand is on the horn.

JACK
Everybody hold on!

Annie's hands and feet are in constant motion.

The passengers are knocked about, yelling.

Jack and Annie's faces -- uh-oh. They see...

102 A RED LIGHT 102

at the bottom of the ramp. Cross traffic.

ANNIE'S FOOT

Hesitates over the brake, then...

JACK'S FOOT

Stomps on the gas.

THE BUS

Rockets through the intersection. Cars fishtail, nearly colliding. * *

103 INT. THE BUS 103

Sam winces. Helen holds his hand.

Jack and Annie stare at...

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

It dips close to 50, rises...

JACK AND ANNIE

Share a look of relief, look ahead.

The street is clear for a half-mile.

104 EXT. STREET - FAR AHEAD 104

Unbeknownst to them, a WOMAN, 30s, pushes a BABY CARRIAGE along the sidewalk. She is talking to another woman.

105 INT. THE BUS 105

A moment's respite. The cellular rings.

JACK
Yeah... Mac, where've you been? We had to bail on the freeway, we're in the city!

INTERCUT WITH:

106 INT. CHOPPER 106

McMahon is looking out the window. He has a map of the city on his lap.

MCMAHON
I can see you, Jack.

ANGLE ON MCMAHON'S P.O.V.

The bus charges through the maze of streets.

MCMAHON
Keep going straight. We're trying to clear the roads for you. We'll get you out, Jack.

He consults the map closely, trying to pinpoint the bus's location.

THE BUS

barrels down the streets.

107 INT. FISK'S ROOM 107

As Fisk watches, eating a baloney sandwich on white bread and a glass of milk. WE SEE that three of the TV's have the bus on them, but the fourth one is turned to a football game.

107A INT. POLICE STATION 107A

Harry looks at the things on his desk; evidence from Fisk's last job, lined up and tagged. Robin is standing nearby with SWAT Cop #1. *

ROBIN
I don't get it.

(CONTINUED)

107A CONTINUED: 107A

HARRY
A watch is a shitty timer. Why use it? What's he saying?

ROBIN
Lots of people have watches, Harry.

HARRY
This guy has no M.O. Bombers fall in love with one kind of bomb and they're very monogamous. This guy uses C4, dynamite, different trigger every time, now he throws in this watch.

ROBIN
He's an encyclopedia. Knows every kind of bomb.

HARRY
(slow realization)
And everything we do to dismantle them. Robin, I want to look at files from the last, say, ten years. *

ROBIN
We did the mug shots, Harry --

HARRY
No. I wanna look at cops.

108 EXT. A STREET NEAR THE BUS 108

Cars cruising to an intersection are overtaken by a screaming black & white. It reaches the intersection and turns, screeching, halting in front of traffic and blocking the intersection.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: 108

The cars slam on their brakes, nearly hitting the patrol car. The passengers barely have time to curse before the enormous bus ROARS by, going the other way.

INT. THE BUS

The passengers watch the city streets fly by, panic volume turned high. *

109 ANNIE 109

SEES a GARBAGE TRUCK back out in front of the bus.

ANNIE

Pulls the wheel hard left.

THE BUS

Swerves into oncoming traffic. The bus dodges oncoming cars, trucks and other buses, bumping a few. A Lincoln * peels off the side of the bus, goes flying. *

110 OMITTED 110

111 EXT. THE STREET 111

The two women wave goodbye. Woman #1 pushes the baby carriage toward the curb.

111A INT. HELICOPTER 111A

Mac still looks at his map. *

MCMAHON *
You got about...ten more blocks and * there'll be some units waiting. Follow them straight, then there's * a left at the T. You'll head onto * the 105 freeway. It's not in use * yet; it'll be empty. *

111B INT. THE BUS 111B

JACK
Right.

112 EXT. STREET - THE BUS 112 *

Continues on. *

THE WOMAN AND THE BABY CARRIAGE

Steps out from behind a van right in front of the bus. *

ANNIE AND JACK

Horror. It's too late. Annie shuts her eyes.

THE BUS

Smashes into the baby carriage as the woman pushing it jumps clear.

JACK AND ANNIE

Her eyes are shut. She screams. Jack can't help but look.

JACK'S P.O.V.

SLOW MOTION. The baby carriage is knocked seventy feet in front and to the side of the bus, sailing through the air.

JACK

his eyes following. He grimaces as...

THE BABY CARRIAGE

Hits the pavement. But then... a hundred empty soda and beer cans explode out of it.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

INT. THE BUS

Jack smiles.

JACK
There's your baby.

Annie opens her eyes, looks in the sideview mirror.

HER P.O.V.

The woman is running after the bus, shaking her fist, stooping to pick up the cans.

Annie sighs with relief.

ANNIE
Looks just like you, honey.

113 THEIR P.O.V. 113

Here at last are the patrol cars, which start up, leading the way.

INT. THE BUS

Everyone watches the streets. After a few blocks...

THE PATROL CARS

come to the on-ramp. The bus follows when... *

A GROUP OF SCHOOL KIDS *

Walk blithely in front of it -- Annie is forced to SWERVE * and continue on the street parallel to the freeway. *

ANNIE *
(panicked and
pissed) *
Why aren't they in school? *

JACK *
(into phone) *
Mac, we're boned! *

INT. CHOPPER *

MCMAHON *
I saw. Keep straight. *

He consults the map. *

INT. BUS *

Patrol cars pull in front of it again, leading it. *

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

INT. CHOPPER *

MCMAHON *
Jack, there's another entrance in * about two miles. You've gotta make * an ugly turn, though. *

JACK *
How ugly? *

ANNIE *
(worried) *
What's ugly? *

Jack listens a moment more on the phone. *

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2) 113

JACK
(to Annie)
We got a hard right coming up. At the construction site.

Annie looks out the window. The construction site is far away but visible. Annie can't even see the road to turn on.

ANNIE
This is a dead end.

JACK
(staring out, not convinced)
There's a turn...

There is a turn. Way ahead, the first patrol car takes it -- and nearly wipes out. Another follows, with all attendant screeching.

ANNIE
I can't make that!

JACK
Keep left.

ANNIE
But it's --

JACK
Keep left! You take it wide!

ANNIE
We're gonna tip over!

A beat.

JACK
Everyone on this side of the bus!

The passengers hesitate.

JACK
Now!

The passengers all scramble, squeeze in by each other. They look at each other, scared. Ray strains to get over, cuffed.

JACK
Move! Move! As far over as you can! Hurry!

Annie eases the accelerator off as far as is safe. The turn is fifty yards away.

113 CONTINUED: (3) 113

JACK
(quietly, into the phone)
Mac, you better clear that site.

He turns back to Annie.

Annie arcs out to flatten the turn as much as possible.

ANNIE
Hold on!

She turns the wheel and dives into the turn. The passengers are thrown. Most hold on.

The bus tires screech on the pavement. One wheel lifts off the ground for a second.

Some passengers scream, most hold their breath.

Annie strains against the steering wheel to hold it steady. She's losing it.

Jack grabs the wheel and pulls it with her, holding the turn. The bus wheel comes back down onto the pavement.

Annie and Jack bring the bus back into line. They made it. Jack turns back to the passengers, smiling.

JACK
As you were.

INT. BUS

As the passengers untangle themselves, Helen looks white as a sheet.

HELEN
Good lord, we might have...I can't think...

STEPHENS
(helping her sit)
It's okay. If you need to, you go right ahead and vomit.

114 EXT. THE BUS 114

reaches the on-ramp, shoots up through the saw-horses, and they're on.

THE CHOPPER

Touches down nearby. Mac gets out, talking to Norwood as he tries to fold the map.

MCMAHON
I want choppers up ahead, make sure there's nothing obstructing the freeway. We got a window here; let's keep it open.

115 INT. THE BUS 115

A moment of respite.

ANGLE ON ANNIE AND JACK

JACK
Ma'am, you did very well.

He looks at her. Drops the hostage talk, smiles.

JACK
Actually, you were incredible. I've never seen driving like that.

ANNIE
Annie.

JACK
What?

ANNIE
...is my name. Annie. As opposed to ma'am.

They smile at each other for a moment. Annie looks back at the road.

JACK *
I'm sorry? *

ANNIE
Why is all this happening? Did * we bomb this guy's country or * something? *

JACK
It's just a guy that wants money.

Annie looks at Jack.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

ANNIE
No... I don't buy it. This is not a good way to make money. Odds are, we should be dead already. What's this guy's deal?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2) 115

JACK
(after a beat)
A while back this guy held some people for ransom. It went sour, and now he's a little pissed at me.

ANNIE
Then what does this --

JACK
It's a game. If he gets the money, he wins. If the bus blows up, he wins.

ANNIE
So what happens if you win?

JACK
Then tomorrow we'll play another one.

CUT TO:

116 INT. POLICE STATION 116

Harry and Robin lean over a computer worked by SWAT Cop #1. On the screen, a series of faces flash by.

SWAT COP #1
We got no match for that description. No one's lost a thumb, at least for the last ten years. *

ROBIN
He could be from anywhere. *

SWAT COP #1
I can't access all that --

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

HARRY
Forget the files. *
(to Robin) *
I want you to go through the
pension fund. This guys drawing *
disability. He may not be L.A.P.D. *
but he's living here now. *

She goes. *

HARRY
(calls out)
I want pictures!
(to himself)
I've seen this asshole.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. THE BUS 117

McMahon pulls up next to it on the back of a flat bed.
Jack comes out on the steps to talk to him. *

MCMAHON
Let's start unloading the
passengers. *

JACK
Can't do it, sir. *

MCMAHON
No time for stunts, Traven. We get *
those people out of harm's way -- *

JACK
I got orders. *
(indicates news
choppers) *
We move these people, he'll see.
Crazy not stupid, remember? *

Mac accepts it, scowling. *

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

MCMAHON
Harry's working on finding this guy. We think he may be a police.

Norwood leans out of the cab of the truck.

NORWOOD
It's him. He wants to talk to Jack.

JACK
Give him the number.

He steps back into the bus, looks at Sam.

JACK
How is he doing?

MRS. KAMINO
The bleeding is less, but...

Her look tells him Sam doesn't have much time.

HELEN
Are they going to help us?

STEPHENS
Sure they are. They're the police. Hey, your taxes are paying their salary. If we die they gotta take a pay cut!

Helen blanches.

STEPHENS
I mean...

The phone rings. Jack puts it to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH:

118 FISK 118 *

JACK
Yeah.

118 CONTINUED: 118

FISK
Jack, I think we have trust, but it looks on the TV like you're trying to get those passengers off the bus.

JACK
You gotta let me have one.

FISK
Now, we went over the rules...

JACK
Come on, as an act of faith. We got an injured man here. The driver's been shot.

FISK
(chuckling)
Jack! Tell me you haven't been shooting the passengers. I thought it was customary for a police officer to shoot the bad men?

JACK
Hey, get in range.

FISK
No one gets off.

JACK
Come on! This guy has no time. It'll grease the wheels with the money men if you show a little charity. There's still gonna be plenty of us to kill.

FISK
Okay, son. You can try to unload the driver. Tell the wildcat behind the wheel not to slow down, though, or he won't get the chance to bleed to death. And Jack...

JACK
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

FISK
Don't slip.

119 INT. BUS 119

They hang up. Jack crosses to the passengers.

JACK
We're gonna get the driver off.

HELEN
Just him?

JACK
For now.
(to Ortiz)
Gigantor.

ORTIZ
(standing)
Ortiz.

JACK
Ortiz, I'm gonna need your help.

ORTIZ
Okay.

HELEN *
(no one is *
listening) *
What about the rest of us? *

MRS. KAMINO
You have to keep him straight or
I think the wound will tear.

JACK
(into walkie talkie)
McMahon, he's letting us unload the
driver. Pull up alongside us.

He bends over to grab Sam's feet.

JACK
(to Sam)
How're you feeling?

SAM
Like I've been shot.

Jack lifts, so does Ortiz at the head. Sam groans with pain and Ray rushes in to support his middle. He and Ortiz exchange a look. They walk him to the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

McMahon's truck is right next to them. Jack stands on the bottom step, yells to the SWAT guy on the truck.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2) 119

JACK
We gotta keep him straight!

The SWAT guy nods. Jack inches out farther. He holds Sam's legs with one hand and the railing with the other, leaning out toward the truck. The pavement rushes by underneath him. The SWAT guys grab Sam and slowly, the exchange is made.

Jack steps back into the bus, where Mrs. Kamino is wiping up blood.

JACK
I think he's gonna be --

HELEN
Wait!

Helen suddenly leaps out of her seat and rushes to the door. Her face is etched in panic. She comes to the last step, hesitates.

JACK
No!

He rushes to the front.

Helen stands. The SWAT guy waves for her to jump.

120 INT. FISK'S ROOM 120

Fisk sees this on TV. He punches a button on his cellular.

121 UNDER THE BUS 121

The small bomb directly below Helen. Red light comes on.

122 THE FRONT STEPS 122

Explode. SWAT guys are knocked off their feet, Jack is knocked into Annie and the bus swerves. Helen falls. Jack grabs at her too late, the bus bumps sickeningly, as Jack almost falls, grabbed by the lady in Catwoman's glasses.

For a moment, nothing. Jack sits back on the floor of the bus at Annie's feet, staring at the hole that was steps. Annie is nearly hyperventilating, her eyes locked on the road.

123 FISK 123

Watches on the TV. Smiles.

FISK
Interactive TV, Jack. Wave of the future. *

124 THE BUS 124

More silence.

ANGLE ON ORTIZ

Completely shocked. This guy ain't fuckin' around.

A woman starts crying, quietly.

Finally:

JACK
(into the walkie talkie)
McMahon, get those fucking choppers off my ass!

Ortiz takes his jacket off, puts it around Mrs. Kamino's shoulders.

ORTIZ *
Here.

MRS. KAMINO
Thank you. I'm a little cold.

STEPHENS
(quietly and politely hysterical)
Jesus. I can't be here. I can't -- this bus is -- this is the wrong bus... for me to... I can't die here.

ORTIZ
Hey, shut up, man! I got a wife!

STEPHENS
(in his own world)
You do?

TERRY
(curious, but with a little attitude)
So if you have a wife and I don't, does that mean that I'm expendable?

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: 124

ORTIZ *
What are you talking about? The guy's just talkin' crazy, gets on my nerves! * *

And then all at once:

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (2) 124

STEPHENS
I think I have the right to be a little upset after all we've --

ORTIZ
(to Ortiz)
What are you staring at everybody for, poking your nose in, let us die in peace, you --

RAY
Let's stop all this bullshit, we're just making more trouble --

TERRY
(to Ortiz)
I'm interested to see how long before the mighty caveman comes to the surface and starts throwing rocks at people's heads --

As the din rises:

JACK
Hey, can that shit! Jesus, it's like a school bus! *

He looks at Annie. She is shaking with the effort not to cry.

JACK
(kneeling by her)
Are you okay?

ANNIE
No.

JACK
What do you need?

She takes a moment. Jack brushes hair from her face.

ANNIE
When that bomb went off...

JACK
I know.

She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (3) 124

ANNIE
When it blew, I thought that was it, I thought that was the bomb and I was dead, and... when I saw her fall under the bus, I was...

This is not an easy thing to say.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: (4) 124

JACK
You were glad you were still alive.

ANNIE
(it's true)
Oh God, I'm sorry...

JACK
Don't be. You should be glad. We all are. That doesn't mean you don't care. It means you're a human being. *

ANNIE
She looked so scared...

JACK
She was scared. She was a nice lady who didn't deserve to get killed. But Annie, if she'd gotten off he would have killed us all. He's the asshole, Annie, the guy who put us here. Remember that. Okay? * *

She nods, shakily.

ANNIE
(a little embarrassed)
Do they teach you how to talk nice to hysterical hostages in cop school?

JACK
No, it's mostly tying square knots and how to build fires, stuff like that.

She smiles a little.

JACK
We should be okay for a while.

125 INT. THE TRUCK 125

Listening on a headset, Norwood's face goes dazzling white.

NORWOOD
Oh my God. Are you sure? How far?
(to McMahon)
Sir, we have a serious problem.

MCMAHON
What?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 125

NORWOOD
This freeway isn't finished.

MCMAHON
What are you talking about?

NORWOOD
The choppers caught it about three miles ahead. There's a section missing.

MCMAHON
But... It's on the map! It's finished on the goddamn map!

NORWOOD
I guess they fell behind.

MCMAHON
Fuck! You're fired, everybody's fucking fired. How big a section? *

NORWOOD
Fifty feet, at least.

MCMAHON
(to Norwood) *
Get me closer. *

He gestures for Jack to come to the door. *

The flatbed truck... *

VEERS *

...right next to the bus. *

MCMAHON
Jack, there's a gap in the road. It's big.

126 INT. THE BUS 126

JACK
You're kidding. *

MCMAHON
Fifty feet, it's in the interchange, somewhere after the next turn. * *

JACK
What do we do? *

MCMAHON *
We gotta get them off someway. *

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

JACK
(looking up at the sky) *
You know I can't. *

He hangs up.

ANNIE
Is it bad?

Everyone is watching. Jack tells them.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: 126

JACK
There's a gap in the road. Couple of miles up.

Various reactions. Groans, fear, tears. People look at each other, realizing these are the last faces they're going to see. No one knows what to say, except maybe Ortiz.

ORTIZ
You can always count on the cops, man...

ANGLE ON JACK AND ANNIE

ANNIE
Oh God, oh no... well, what if I, uh, shift to neutral and keep the engine revving high?

JACK
He'd've thought of that.

ANNIE
Well, what, then?

They're waiting for his answer, which he doesn't have. He thinks.

JACK
Floor it.

ANNIE
No.

JACK
Yes! It's an overpass, there might be an incline. Floor it!

She does. The bus starts picking up speed.

The speedometer climbs above sixty.

Jack starts toward the back of the bus. The passengers are silent, terrified. He looks at their faces as he passes.

JACK
I want everybody to hold onto the seat in front of them, or whatever's nearest. Heads down.
(to the lady with presents)
Put that stuff under your seat.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2) 126

STEPHENS *
(scared) *
Is this really gonna work? *

Jack looks at him a second. What do you say? *

JACK *
Definitely. *

He comes to Ray, unlocks his cuffs. Ray looks pretty small. *

RAY *
I didn't mean to shoot that guy. *

JACK *
(not unkindly) *
Keep hold of the seat in front of you. *

Which means, for now, apology accepted. Jack moves back to the front. * *

Jack looks out the window -- the signs and barriers are approaching. *

JACK
Everybody hold on!

People grab rails, cling to them, heads in their laps. Ortiz takes a cross from under his shirt, palms it.

127 MCMAHON 127

Watches from the truck, stopped on the empty freeway, along with the other SWAT cops. Some mumble prayers...

128 THE GAP IN THE FREEWAY 128

The bus is coming in fast, getting faster.

129 INSERT - THE BUS SPEEDOMETER 129

66, 67, 68...

INT. THE BUS

Terry is sitting by Ray. *

RAY *
I never shot nobody before...Jesus *
I hope that guy doesn't die... *

Terry looks like he's going to throw up. Mrs. Kamino is * quietly crying. We hear various mumbled prayers. Stephens is in a near fetal position, clutching his map * like a religious icon. *

ANNIE'S P.O.V.

They screaming at the gap.

INSERT - BUS SPEEEDOMETER *

...70, 71...8

ANNIE *

Yells, shuts her eyes. *

JACK

Pushes Annie down, covers her body with his, and puts his * hands over hers on the steering wheel trying to hold the * bus straight. *

130 EXT. THE BUS 130

Hits the gap going 73. It's airborne. The front end starts to dive. The front wheels hit the concrete edge of the far side of the gap hard.

INT. THE BUS

Jack, Annie, the passengers -- all thrown forward.

EXT. THE BUS

The tires don't burst. The wheels roll up onto the freeway surface, keep moving. The tail end of the bus is still in mid-air, dropping fast. The undercarriage hits the concrete, scrapes, sheets of sparks and horrible grinding.

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

60, 59, 58... dropping fast.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 130

THE BUS

The rear wheels hit the edge of the gap very hard.

ON THE BUS

Passengers near the back are tossed into the air. Windows shatter. A seat is ripped from its mooring.

THE BUS

Keeps on rolling.

131 MCMAHON AND THE SWAT COPS 131

All cheering, whooping it up. *

132 INT. BUS 132

JACK
(to Annie)
Are you okay?

ANNIE
I'm okay. I'm all right.

Jack stands, addresses the passengers.

JACK
Is everybody okay?

They're bruised, dazed, bleeding -- but whole. A muted chorus of "yeahs", followed by some boisterous whoops and even applause. People laugh, hug, high five. People who were crying are now laughing and crying. Terry kisses Mrs. Kamino (but only if they're sitting by each other). *

ORTIZ *
You're the man, Annie, you are the man. *

TERRY *
(beaming) *
We are way out of control. *

ORTIZ *
Goddamn! Yes! *

He high fives (or some such display) the person next to him. *

Only Stephens hasn't moved, still in his fetal position. He slowly opens his eyes. Smiles wanly as he looks around him. *

STEPHENS *
I felt we would make it. *

Jack smiles, big. He looks at Annie. A trickle of blood is running from her forehead. He kneels by her, beaming at her with honest admiration. *

JACK
I think you missed your calling...
(dabbing at the blood with his sleeve)
... You should have been a pilot.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: 132

She smiles, too. Jack sees something ahead. Gets an idea. He has to act fast.

JACK
Get off! Now! Get off this --

ANNIE
What?

She hesitates a second too long for his liking, so he grabs the wheel, pulls it hard right.

Passengers yell as they are tossed to the side.

THE BUS

Swerves over sharply onto an exit ramp.

133 thru 135 OMITTED 133 thru 135

136 FREEWAY GAP 136

McMahon gets into the SWAT police van with Norwood. *

MCMAHON
(to Norwood) *
Where the hell's he going?

TIME CUT TO:

137 EXT. AIRPORT ROAD 137

A sign reads "LAX cargo entrance". Annie drives the bus toward the airport gate. The helicopters veer off, away from air traffic. * *

JACK
Head there.

She is, but a patrol car appears, partially blocking the entrance she's headed for. She swerves to miss it, heads toward an exit with tire shredding spikes.

ANNIE

turns hard. Passengers are thrown off their feet.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: 137

THE BUS

Swerves back for the entrance.

ONE OUTSIDE REAR TIRE

Nicks the last of the spikes, but doesn't burst.

ANNIE
Never a dull moment.
(to herself)
Please God, send me a dull moment...

138 EXT. AIRPORT 138

The bus turns onto a taxiway adjacent to a runway as a 747 thunders overhead.

139 INT. GMC SUBURBAN 139 *

On the freeway.

COP
He's at the airport.

NORWOOD
The airport? There's thousands of people --

MCMAHON
(a beat)
That's my boy, Jack. He should be able to circle around the runways. Buy us some time.

NORWOOD
We can't fly in there.

MCMAHON
Neither can the news boys.
(to the driver)
Let's move! Back to the exit!

The GMC Suburban pulls out. Norwood points out the airport on the map. Mac looks. *

NORWOOD
Tell him to head here. There's a road there circles the freight terminals. Should be perfect.

MCMAHON
Let's hope they built it.

140 INT. THE BUS 140

Stephens looks out the window.

STEPHENS
(unhappy)
We're at the airport.

TERRY
Yeah, so?

STEPHENS
I've already seen the airport.

EXT. AIRPORT *

Mac's van follows where the bus went. *

ANGLE ON CHOPPERS *

Hovering near the airport, they give up and fly away. *

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: 140

INT. BUS *

The phone rings. Jack picks it up.

JACK
Hello.

140A GMC SUBURBAN 140A

enters airport through the same gate as the bus. Flies by the gate guard who points out the direction the bus went.

INTERCUT WITH:

141 FISK 141

FISK
Very exciting, Jack. Some close calls, but you've done all right for yourself.

JACK
What do you want?

FISK
Money, Jack. I wish I had some loftier purpose, but in the end I'm just like you and me. I'd like large nonsequential bills in two clear plastic bags. Unmarked. Can you remember all that?

JACK
What are you telling me for?

FISK
I want you to help me get it before it gets too late. I don't like negotiators, Jack. They talk to you like they're your best friend, and they don't know you. Why do they mess with me, do they think * I'm doing this for fun? *

JACK
Aren't you?

FISK
Oh, that's not fair, Jack. You don't know how I feel about this. You don't know about me.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (2) 141

FISK
(after a moment)
They don't think that.

JACK
(voice raised)
Do you want this money? Come on, show me your commitment. Let me get on the ground.
(a beat)
Just me. That's not against the rules.

FISK
All right. I'd like you back in ten minutes or less.

JACK
Fine.

FISK
Jack, nothing tricky, now. You know I'm on top of you. Do not attempt to grow a brain.

Jack hangs up. Annie has heard the bulk of the conversation. A GMC Suburban pulls up next to the bus, McMahon, Norwood and SWAT Driver ride alongside.

ANNIE
There's a plan now, right?

JACK
Could be.
(to the group)
Everybody sit tight. I'm getting off for a minute.

Some consternation.

TERRY *
What for? *

MRS. KAMINO *
(over him) *
Do you think that's a good idea? *

STEPHENS
Are you just gonna leave us here?

ORTIZ
(reasonably)
I would.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (3) 141

JACK
Don't worry... I won't go far.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: (4) 141

JACK (Cont'd)
(to Annie)
Just keep circling. You'll be fine.

Annie looks at him. She knows she may not see him again, but she's gonna be brave. *

ANNIE
(a little weakly) *
Don't forget about us, okay?

They look at each other for a moment. Jack tenderly brushes her hair from her face. He's never gonna forget her. *

Jack turns to the doorway. He motions for the truck to come in close. *

He jumps. For a moment everyone is silent on the bus. The host has left the party.

142 OMITTED 142

143 JACK AND MCMAHON 143

talk as the GMC Suburban veers off the road and the bus charges off in the distance behind them. They pass a news van, cops keeping the news people from filming.

MCMAHON
The choppers are gone, Jack; let's dump the passengers now.

JACK
No way. He's ready for that.

MCMAHON
But how is he --

JACK
I don't know how. I just know he is. He's been a step ahead of me every time. If we unload he'll take them out, I guarantee.

MCMAHON
Where does that put us?

JACK
I got to try to dismantle that bomb.

MCMAHON
That's not an option.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: 143

JACK
What would you do if the bus was standing still?

MCMAHON
Jack, it's not.

CUT TO:

144 INT. THE BUS - ANGLE ON TERRY AND RAY - MINUTES LATER 144

They sit near the back.

TERRY
So, what'd you do, man?

RAY
What?

TERRY
Why'd you go apeshit before? What'd you do?

RAY
Nothing, man. Leave me alone.

TERRY
Come on! Was it a gang thing, what?

RAY
Nothing!
(after a moment)
I stole the gun, man. You know. *
From my cousin.

TERRY
What for?

Ray looks sidelong at Terry. He's either being defensive or lying.

RAY
Home protection.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT

Ortiz and Stephens are standing at the front with Annie.

ORTIZ
I'm telling you, Annie, the guys's somewhere jerking off.

ANNIE
He didn't have to get on in the first place, Ortiz. And get your * ass behind the yellow line. I have * faith.
(to herself)
I have faith.

STEPHENS
What's that?

They all look out at something pulling in front of them. Their eyes go wide.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: 144

ANNIE
Oh my god he is insane.

145 ANGLE ON THEIR P.O.V. 145

A truck has pulled in front of them. Attached to the back * is a low wooden dolly. Jack is standing on it in his SWAT * gear, with a headset and a bunch of tools. *

ON THE TRUCK

McMahon is on the back of the truck. He has a headset as well.

MCMAHON
We're not gonna be able to keep this steady for long.

JACK
I just need a few minutes. If I * can't do it by then I can't do it * at all.

MCMAHON
All right.

JACK
(into headset)
Harry. You with me?

HARRY
(o.s.)
All the way.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

MCMAHON
Okay, this is it. Don't get dead.

Barely a moment between them, and then Jack is lying down on the dolly.

146 ANGLE ON ANNIE 146

Watching the dolly inch closer.

ANNIE
(slowly, as it sinks in)
This is a really bad plan.

STEPHENS
Have faith, sister.

Jack smiles at Annie, gives her the thumbs up.

ANNIE
Oh, Christ.

ORTIZ
Just keep it steady.

ANNIE
Gee, thanks for the tip.

The truck slows a bit and the dolly inches closer to the bus. Jack lies completely flat as the bus approaches.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: 146

He starts to disappear under the bus. Annie squints with concentration. McMahon looks on, concerned. Jack looks straight up, keeping as calm as possible as the bus covers his head.

147 UNDER THE BUS 147

Jack inches under the bomb. He speaks (always into the headset, until stated otherwise) to McMahon.

JACK
Okay, tell them to hold here.

He looks up at the bomb. From his P.O.V. the bomb is so close it fills our line of vision. There are wires running from the timer to various detonators. Also a few covered wires of different colors sticking in one end of the timer and out the other.

INTERCUT WITH:

148 INT. POLICE STATION 148

HARRY
What do you see?

JACK
It's pretty standard. Timer's looped to the remote, then feeds out.

HARRY
Then we gotta try to bypass the remote current with the battery. Can you find the trip wire for the remote?

JACK
I don't know. I got a few choices here.

HARRY
Black and red?

JACK
And green.

HARRY
Okay. Listen. I'm guessing he's not going to use standard copper for the remote. Too weak. I'd use a fiber alloy. I need you to look at the wire. *

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: 148

JACK
It's covered.

HARRY
I know. You gotta cut off the sheath. But don't cut the wire.

JACK
Right.

HARRY
Start with the green.

He has to work slowly. He's so close to the bus he can't look at his tools; he feels for them and brings them up to his chest.

He palms an exacto and carefully starts scraping away at the green plastic covering.

The bus hits a tiny...

BUMP

and Jack SLIPS, goes stock still as sweat drips down his forehead. He looks at the knife. It has gone halfway through the wire. Very, very slowly, he pulls it out.

He scrapes some more at the sheath, revealing a silverish wire: not copper.

JACK
Bullseye.

HARRY
Great. Clip on the battery and run it to the lead wire.

He palms the battery, clips one end to the silver wire with the alligator clip. He searches out the lead wire. He * finds it, a cloud crossing his expression.

JACK
I can't bypass. It'll fire.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2) 148

HARRY
Collapsible circuit.

JACK
Yeah. Shit! This thing is airtight.

Harry is thinking when Robin enters, moves toward him with a printout, speaking.

ROBIN
Howard Fisk, Atlanta P.D., bomb squad, retired to Sun Valley in 1989 when a small charge left him with fingers numbering nine. *

And on that last word she reaches Harry, turning the printout for him to see and Fisk's picture stares us in the face.

HARRY
That's our scumbag.
(into walkie talkie)
Jack, we found him!

ROBIN
We can get to his place inside of fifteen minutes.

HARRY
Jack! Get out of there and sit tight! We're going after the source.

JACK
Watch your back.

Harry jumps up and they move out.

JACK
Mac! Pull me out!

MCMAHON
(o.s.)
Roger that, kid. Hold on.

149 OMITTED 149

150 ANGLE ON THE TIRE 150

That was scraped by the claw...a piece of outer rubber peels off and flies into the:

DOLLY WHEEL

which catches, stops.

JACK

As the dolly is almost pulled out from under him.

THE CABLE

Is running past him now, skittling over the pavement, sparking, whipping around. And it's heading for a rear wheel. If the cable gets pulled under the tire...

JACK

Reaches for the cable, to pull it back. Too late.

THE CABLE

Hits the wheel and is sucked under in a flash.

JACK AND THE DOLLY

Are snapped toward the wheel.

151 INT. THE BUS 151

ANNIE
God!

STEPHENS
Did we hit him? What happened?

RAY
He's not behind us!

Annie and Ortiz look at each other. They're dragging him.

Ortiz RACES for the center panel, starts unscrewing it.

151A MCMAHON'S AIRPORT VEHICLE 151A

moves alongside the bus. McMahon tries to see what's happening to Jack. He looks pretty concerned. *

152 UNDER THE BUS 152

Jack tries to get a grip on the undercarriage, but his fingers can't find purchase. So he grabs the screwdriver and stabs it up into the undercarriage. It digs in. He stops, and the dolly is yanked out from under him.

THE DOLLY

Hits the rear wheel, is pulled under and destroyed.

JACK

holds onto the screwdriver. Liquid sprays down on him. He coughs, reaches out, grabs a hydraulic line and pulls himself away from the spray. His shoes skid over pavement at 50 mph. Jack looks around, sees light coming from the hole in the floor, three feet away. He reaches for the hole. He can't make it.

JACK
Hey!

Ortiz sticks his head down.

ORTIZ
Man, can you reach me?

He reaches for Jack, but there's no way.

ORTIZ
Hold my legs!

153 INT. THE BUS 153

Terry and Ray grab Ortiz's legs. Stephens and Mrs. Kamino grab them.

154 UNDER THE BUS 154

Ortiz is halfway through the hole. He reaches for Jack.

ORTIZ
Come on!

He grabs him. Jack lets go the screwdriver, grabs Ortiz's shoulder.

155 INT. THE BUS 155

Slowly, painfully, Jack is pulled in. He hunches over, in pain.

JACK
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED: 155

TERRY
Are you okay?

He nods.

STEPHENS
Any luck with the bomb?

JACK
Yeah, it didn't go off.

Ortiz dusts him off. Oddly enough, he is smiling.

ORTIZ
You may be a psycho, man, but you got some big round balls. *

JACK
That's very... gross, Ortiz.

He goes over to Annie.

ORTIZ
Can't even pay the guy a compliment.

JACK
How you doing?

ANNIE
You scared the shit out of me, Jack. Other than that, I'm pretty lousy. What's that smell?

JACK
(realizing)
It's gas.

ANNIE
We're leaking gas?

JACK
We are now.

ANNIE
What, you needed a challenge?

ANGLE ON GAS GAUGE

It starts dropping, barely perceptibly.

155A MCMAHON 155A

on the back of the airport vehicle, is relieved when he sees Jack surface inside the bus. He gives a thumbs-up sign to Jack and his vehicle falls back.

CUT TO:

156 EXT. STREET 156

Harry's car and another unmarked fire up the street with much attendant screeching.

CUT TO:

157 INT. BUS 157

Jack and Annie nervously regard the gas gauge.

JACK
(into walkie talkie)
Mac? Can you get a fuel truck to pace us here? We're losing gas.

MCMAHON
I'll see what I can find. How much time?

JACK
I don't know. Ten minutes. It's not good.

ANNIE
Is that gonna work?

JACK
I don't know.
(to himself)
Come on, Harry. Save my life.

CUT TO:

158 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE 158

Harry and the others pull up quietly across the street. He and Robin emerge from his car, two other SWAT guys from the second car. One is SWAT Cop #1. They go to the front * of the house in standard formation. They stop at the windows by the garage. The venetian blinds are still down -- can't see in.

Harry motions for two to go around the back. He takes Robin around the side.

There is a door here. Robin is about to try the knob but Harry GRABS her hand, shakes his head. He motions for her to go around the back, which she does.

He tries the window and it gives. It's clean, no wires. Harry goes in first. He climbs slowly, pulling his wounded leg in. He gets in.

158A INT. HOUSE 158A *

Harry is in the living room, heading for the garage. WE SEE Robin come silently in through a back window, motion for the other two to wait outside. She and Harry both start converging on the garage, looking around them, guns raised.

Harry looks down at his leg just as it trips an electric eye in the doorway.

THE ELECTRIC EYE

is wired to something. A red light goes on.

Harry and Robin look at each other, knowing it's the last thing they will ever see.

158B EXT. HOUSE 158B *

The explosion blasts out the windows, sending the other two flying, wounded. The last thing WE SEE are the venetian blinds as they are shredded when that window is also blown out.

CUT TO:

159 INT. BUS - ANGLE ON JACK'S PHONE 159

Rings.

JACK
Harry! Tell me good news, man.

There is a pause. And Jack knows.

FISK
I'm sorry, Jack. He didn't make it.

JACK
You FUCK!

INTERCUT WITH:

160 INT. FISK'S ROOM 160

FISK
It was the watch that led him to me, wasn't it? It felt a little hammy to me, building the bomb from my precious retirement gift. But I figured a sign that said 'I'm Howard Fisk' would be pushing it.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: 160

As he speaks, he opens the venetian blinds. We look out on Pershing Square: he was never in the house at all.

JACK
I'm gonna rip your fucking spine out, I swear to God.

FISK
You'll do as you're told! Now Harry's gone. Just accept it. Jack, we both know he was the brains of your particular operation. You're not gonna beat me. You're gonna pay me all of my dollars. Otherwise you, the wildcat and every innocent soul on that bus is gonna end up just like your friend. Now pay attention! Are you listening?

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (2) 160

JACK
(softly)
Yes.

FISK
Good. Tell them the drop point is Pershing Square. There's a garbage can on the northeast corner. Dump the bags and leave. I don't show up until your people are gone and I don't disarm until I'm clear. Getting on toward 11:00, Jack. I think it's gonna be a pretty day.

160A INT. THE BUS 160A

He hangs up. Jack SMASHES the phone against a pole, furious. Everybody stares at him. He leans against the front window, seething.

ANNIE
Jack?

He throws the remains of the phone to the floor, unable to respond.

ANNIE
Goddamnit, Jack, don't you fold on me now! *

He whips his head around, stares at her.

ANNIE
You just cool it, okay? We're scared. We need you. I need you, with a clear head. I know this guy's hurting you and I'm sorry, but we still have a problem here so stop doing the asshole dance and be a part of the solution. *

He still stares, but she's drawn the fire out. Everybody is staring at him. He smiles winningly at Annie.

(CONTINUED)

160A CONTINUED: 160A

JACK
We're gonna die.

ANNIE
We got this far.

He falls silent again. His gaze goes from her face to her shirt, the Arizona tee shirt. For a moment he looks almost puzzled.

ANGLE ON THE SHIRT

Beneath the Arizona is a picture of a wildcat.

JACK
I'll be damned. *

Jack kneels by her, daubing her brow, speaking softly.

JACK
You go to University of Arizona?

ANNIE
(puzzled)
Yeah.

JACK
Good football team.

ANNIE
Yeah...

JACK
Arizona Wildcats. They went nine straight wins last year.

ANNIE
(completely lost)
Right.

Jack smiles.

JACK
He can see you.

She starts to ask but he shushes her, standing and leaning again on the windshield. Slowly he looks around at the front of the bus. His P.O.V. searches for it, and there it is, behind the big convex mirror with a view of the whole bus. The thin wires, the red light. A camera. We push in on it --

161 OMITTED 161

162 INT. FISK'S ROOM 162

...and pull out, looking at the camera's P.O.V. on a small black and white screen next to Fisk's other TVs. We pull out further to see Fisk as his eyes flit from screen to screen, resting on the black and white image.

On the screen, Jack kneels once again by Annie.

163 INT. BUS 163

JACK
He called you a wildcat before. I didn't even pick up on it. Bastard has a camera right in your face. He can see the whole bus. He's been playing me from minute one.

ANNIE
He's looking at me? Can he hear me?

JACK
Doesn't look like. He's just watching.

ANNIE
What do I do?

JACK
Nothing. Act scared.

ANNIE
(plenty scared)
What's my motivation?

Jack strides to the back of the bus, talking into his throat mike. *

JACK *
Mac, Mac...are you there? *

MRS. KAMINO
Jack, how much longer can we circle?

He holds up a finger to shush her as McMahon gets on the line.

163A EXT. AIRPORT 163A *

McMahon arrives at base camp. *

MCMAHON *
Yeah, go ahead, Jack. *

163B INT. BUS 163B *

JACK
Mac, I know about Harry. Listen, there's no time. Is that news van still around?... Good. It's time for a little turnabout. *

CUT TO:

164 EXT. BY NEWS VAN - A MINUTE LATER 164

McMahon and a few other cops rush to the van.

MCMAHON
L.A.P.D. We need this unit.
(to a crew guy)
Can you broadcast on a UHF frequency?

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED: 164

CREW GUY
Sure.

MCMAHON
Good. There's a signal coming from that bus. Find it.

The crew guy starts turning dials. After some snow, the shot of the bus appears on one of his screens.

MCMAHON
Good. Tape off this.

The crew guy sticks in a tape, hits "record." An angry reporter steps in.

REPORTER
Hey, this is private property! You can't just take it!

MCMAHON
Yeah, why don't you call a cop?

165 INT. THE BUS 165

Jack is sitting near the front. Everyone is sitting, looking tense.

JACK
(quietly, but to everyone)
Remember, no big movements. Just look whipped.

ORTIZ
That's not gonna be too hard. *

And WE PAN along the bus, picking up everyone's face as they try to appear casually despondent. We pass Jack and Annie and close in on the fuel gauge -- is it picking up speed?

166 UNDER THE BUS 166

WE SEE as the screwdriver is jolted looser and looser, and the leak grows.

167 THE NEWS VAN 167

McMahon and the others watch the bus on screen.

168 INT. THE BUS 168

Annie notices the fuel gauge as it drops below a quarter tank.

ANNIE
(quietly)
Jack...

JACK
What?

ANNIE
Our leak has sprung a leak. We gotta get off.

Slowly, Jacdk brings the walkie talkie to his face.

JACK
McMahon? Fuel?

MCMAHON
Five minutes. *

Mrs. Kamino drops her purse, nervous. She doesn't know if she should pick it up. Sits nervously.

JACK
Not enough time. Run the tape. We have to unload.

MCMAHON
We only got a minute of --

JACK
Do it!

MCMAHON
(to the crew guy)
Run it. Run it on a loop.

He starts pressing buttons and --

169 INT. FISK'S LOFT 169

The image plays on the TV. Sounds of Fisk FLUSHING inside. A slight JUMP in the image just before Fisk sits down, watches. The tape is now playing.

170 INT. THE BUS 170

Jack looks back and forth between his watch and the gas gauge.

JACK
Come on.

Then he looks over and sees...

170 CONTINUED: 170

AN AIRPORT TRUCK

Pulls alongside the bus. McMahon and SWAT cops...

171 THE LEFT REAR WHEEL OF THE BUS 171

The outside wheel. More rubber is peeling off: it's gonna pop any second.

172 INT. THE BUS 172

Jack strides to the back doors.

JACK
Okay, Annie.

Annie flips a switch. The back emergency door opens. McMahon tosses a length of 2-by-4 and some rope to Jack.

MCMAHON *
Rig the gas pedal and steering wheel.

JACK
Gotcha.

173 INSERT - FISK'S TV 173 *

The taped image of the inside of the bus. Quiet and calm.

174 INT. THE BUS 174

Intense activity as the passengers line up to get off.

175 THE LEFT REAR TIRE 175

Rubber is peeling off, flapping on the pavement.

176 INT. THE BUS 176

Jack stands on the back steps. The first passenger to get off is Mrs. Kamino. Jack ushers her off into the arms of Norwood. Annie ie steering and trying to tie off the wheel.

JACK
Next! Let's go! Annie, how're you doing?

ANNIE
I'm doing!

BUS AND TRUCK

More women get off the bus, followed by Terry and Ortiz.

177 THE LEFT REAR TIRE 177

Big strips are peeling off. Seconds from a blowout.

178 INSERT - FISK'S TV MONITOR 178 *

Shows the bus as calm, quiet.

179 INT. THE BUS 179

Jack helps Terry off. Stephens is about to step across...

180 THE LEFT REAR TIRE 180

The tread peels off completely.

181 ANNIE 181

Gasps as the steering wheel spins, wrenched from her grip.

THE BUS

Swerves hard away from the truck.

STEPHENS

In the stairwell, doesn't know what to do. Panics and jumps for the truck.

JACK
Stephens!

Jack grabs for him, misses.

BUS AND TRUCK

Stephens' upper body reaches the truck. He swings under, is slipping.

ORTIZ

is the closest to him. He grabs for Stephens' hand, gets it.

STEPHENS' FEET

Are skidding on the pavement, dangerously close to the rear wheels.

STEPHENS AND ORTIZ

A look between them. Stephens grins with relief.

ORTIZ
Okay, man, pull!

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

They just pull him up in time. They smile at their victory all except Stephens himself, who looks like he has vomit on his mind. *

ON THE BUS

Annie fights to regain control of the steering.

THE BUS

Veers toward the airline terminals.

ON THE BUS

Annie and Jack look ahead.

ANNIE
Oh, no, Jack.

THEIR P.O.V.

The terminals.

ANNIE

is able to steer back onto the runway.

ON THE TRUCK

The passengers watch in horror as the bus angles off.

MRS. KAMINO
Please, God, no.

RAY
Come on, man, you can do it...

182 INT. THE BUS 182

JACK
Wedge down the pedal! Hurry!

Jack goes back and picks up the 3x5 floor panel he took out of the floor. *

THE BUS

Tears along the runway...

ON THE BUS

Jack maneuvers the floor panel down into the hole, letting it out on a length of rope. The other end of the rope is tied to a seat support.

183 UNDER THE BUS 183

The edge of the panel touches the speeding pavement, bounces and splinters.

184 INT. THE BUS 184

Annie finishes tying off the steering wheel and wedging down the gas pedal.

ANNIE
Done.

They hear an eerie choking sound. Then silence. Out of gas.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: 184

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

Is dropping. 58... 57...

JACK
Go!

Annie gets out of the driver's seat, hurries to Jack. He helps her down into the hole.

THE BUS

Is headed for a small jet whose engines have been stripped for repair.

185 UNDER THE BUS 185

The wood panel is skidding over the pavement, sparks are flying off. Annie gets down onto it.

186 INT. THE BUS 186

The rope and 2x4 are holding. Jack takes one last look ahead.

HIS P.O.V.

The wing of the small jet comes SMASHING through the windshield and rips through one side of the bus, coming right at us, nearly decapitating Jack and he jumps down through the hole

187 UNDER THE BUS 187

and crouches on the sled, he and Annie holding onto each other and...

188 BACK OF THE BUS 188

...Jack and Annie blast out from underneath the bus in a shower of sparks.

189 INT. THE BUS 189

The rope starts to loosen on the steering wheel.

190 EXT. THE BUS 190

starts to veer off toward an airplane hangar and... Jack and Annie slide to a stop against a large blinking runway sign. They look up.

The bus rolls toward the huge open door of the AIRPLANE HANGAR and disappears inside.

191 INT. HANGAR 191

The bus rolls under the wings of a parked 747, between other jumbos and...careens out the other side of the hangar.

192 AN EMPTY DC10 CARGO PLANE 192

Is towed along the runway by a tow truck...

INSERT - SPEEDOMETER

Plunges to 50.

THE BOMB

The red light goes out.

The bus EXPLODES...

...while still rolling at a healthy 49 miles an hour. Whatever part of it can still roll PLOWS into the DC10... which explodes... A huge fireball and a shower of metal...

193 JACK AND ANNIE 193

Cover their heads as debris rains down. He is on top of her. It finally stops.

Annie looks at the flaming carcass. Jack looks at Annie. After a moment, she looks back at him.

JACK
Are you all right?

ANNIE
Yes.

Another moment. He still hasn't gotten off of her. The moment between them is intimate, Annie is about to burst into tears.

ANNIE
You're not gonna say something mushy, are you?

JACK
What? No.

He gets off her and they stand. For a moment she falls against him, but she rights herself. They head for the ambulance.

ANNIE
Relationships based on intense experiences never last. I've read extensively on this.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: 193

JACK
You thought that was intense? I do this everyday.
(after a moment)
I think I broke my spleen.

CUT TO:

194 ANGLE ON AMBULANCE 194

as it races up to Jack and Annie. Medics pop out, start patching them up. Annie is still talking to Jack.

McMahon comes up to them.

MCMAHON
How're you doing?

Jack and Annie look at each other, almost laughing. They look back at Mac as if to say, "Eh."

MCMAHON
Well maybe I'll let you have the rest of the day off.

JACK
Oh. Mac, this is Annie. Annie, Captain McMahon.

MCMAHON
Hi.

ANNIE
Nice to meet you.

It's a slight awkward moment -- feels like introducing your girlfriend to your dad.

Norwood runs up to Mac with a phone.

NORWOOD
It's him. He wants to know when he's gonna get his money.

MCMAHON
(grabbing the phone)
That son of a bitch, I'll tell him what he can do with --

Realization blooms in Jack's face. He puts his hand over Mac's.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED: 194

JACK
He doesn't know it blew up. *

McMahon pauses, stonefaced. He brings the phone to his ear.

MCMAHON *
Twenty minutes. *

195 thru 197 OMITTED 195 thru 197

CUT TO:

198 EXT. PERSHING SQUARE 198

The cops finalize their preparations. UNDERCOVER COPS move here and there, signal to each other...

199 OMITTED 199

200 EXT. ROOF OF THE BILTMORE HOTEL 200

...Snipers take position.

201 EXT. NEAR PERSHING SQUARE - DAY 201

The ambulance pulls up, no lights or sirens. Jack gets out. Other undercover police cars are nearby and cops * rush quietly to and fro.

201A INT. BARBERSHOP 201A *

McMahon is setting up his command post in a barbershop. *

201B INT. THE AMBULANCE 201B *

Annie is just finished being patched up. She steps out of the ambulance to watch Jack's receding figure, her face etched with concern.

202 INT. FISK'S ROOM 202

He looks down on Pershing Square.

HIS P.O.V.

On the street, a garbage truck pulls up next to the can on the northwest corner. A cop dressed as a garbageman gets out, deposits two bags in the garbage, and drives on.

Fisk looks more carefully around the square. Again from his P.O.V., WE CAN SEE:

A cop running behind a doorway a block away.

A sniper crouching low on a roof.

Fisk smiles, heads for the door. He stops at the TV that shows Jack and the others on the still circling bus.

FISK
It's too bad, Jack. You probably would have made a good cop.

On the screen, Mrs. Kamino drops her purse.

There is a glitch. The purse is in her hands.

Fisk stares at the TV, eyes wide. A scream rises in his throat but before it comes out we:

CUT TO:

202A EXT. PERSHING SQUARE 202A

Jack, McMahon and Norwood look out from a storefront.

203 EXT. NEAR PERSHING SQUARE 203

Annie is standing by the ambulance, still Looking in Jack's general direction. Cops run to and fro, some keeping pedestrians back. *

A SWAT cop comes up to Annie. *

COP *
Miss, we can't have you this close, *
we need you to move back. *

ANNIE *
But Jack -- *

COP *
Officer Traven asked for you to be *
brought out of harm's way. Let's *
just move back. *

Relenting, she turns to the cop. It's Howard Fisk. She smiles as he leads her away. *

204 EXT. PERSHING SQUARE - LATER 204

The can stands alone on the northeast corner.

205 INT. THE STOREFRONT 205

Jack is becoming increasingly agitated. *

NORWOOD
He's running a little late.

Jack looks at his watch. 11:02.

JACK
He's not late. *

MCMAHON
What?

JACK *
He's never late.

NORWOOD *
That money hasn't moved. We've got
two hundred eyes on that can. *
We've got a homing beacon in the *
bags. He's covered. *

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: 205

JACK *
Turn it on. *

NORWOOD *
What for? He's not -- *

JACK *
Do it!

Norwood does, looks down. *

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED: (2) 205

ANGLE ON THE HOMING DEVICE

The bags are moving. *

NORWOOD *
Shit...

Jack bolts for the can. *

MCMAHON *
Jack!

CUT TO:

206 EXT. PERSHING SQUARE 206

Jack DASHES across the street. He runs to the garbage cans, pushes them over. Below where the garbage can * stood, there's a jagged hole in the concrete, opening up * into a utility access tunnel. *

JACK
Son of a bitch --

207 INT. TUNNEL 207

Jack hang-drops down into the tunnel. He hears the sound of hurrying footsteps down the tunnel. Jack pulls the gun from his waistband and takes off after the sound.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: 207

FARTHER DOWN THE TUNNEL...

...SOMEONE runs, holding the bags of money. Jack pulls out his Glock, draws a bead...

JACK
FREEZE! Turn around!

The person stops.

JACK
Pop quiz, asshole. I got a hair trigger aimed at your brain and I'm in a really shitty mood. What do you do?

The person turns, face coming into the light. It's...

ANNIE

And she is very scared.

JACK

Incredulous.

ANNIE

opens up the jacket she's wearing to reveal TEN POUNDS OF C-4 strapped to her chest.

JACK
Christ.

An EMERGENCY DOOR on the side of the tunnel opens.

FISK

Steps out, holding a deadman stick.

FISK
Be prepared. That's the boy scouts marching song.

ANNIE
I'm sorry, Jack.

FISK
What do you do, Jack? Can't shoot her.

JACK
Let her go.

FISK
I don't think I'm gonna do that.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: (2) 207

He has a bag, which he drops at Annie's feet.

FISK
Fill it.
(to Jack)
I think Harry would be disappointed, finding us right back where we started.

JACK
Let her go! You got the money! Take it and walk! You don't need her!

FISK
You still don't understand, Jack. The beauty of it. A bomb is made to explode; that's its meaning, it's purpose. Your life is empty because you spend it trying to stop the bomb from becoming. And for what? For who? You know what a bomb is, Jack, that doesn't explode? It's a cheap gold watch.

JACK
You're crazy.

Annie finishes filling the bag. Fisk takes it.

FISK
Poor people are crazy, Jack.
(hoisting the bag of money)
I'm eccentric.

JACK
(one last time)
Let her go!

Fisk looks at Jack, almost fondly. Then he bolts through a door with Annie, slamming it shut behind him.

Jack runs up to the door.

208 OMITTED 208 *

209 INT. THE TUNNEL 209

Jack tries the door. It's locked. He aims his gun and blows the door handle to pieces. He tugs the door open and light floods in. Jack steps throught the door and is very surprised to find himself in...

210 thru 211 OMITTED 210 thru 211

212 EXT. A SUBWAY STATION 212

He's on the upper level. Not many people around. Someone runs up the stairs, looking frightened. Jack down the stairs. *

213 INT. THE SUBWAY PLATFORM 213

People are shying away from Fisk and Annie as they make their way along the platform. He has his gun out and she's wearing bombs. People start getting off the subway, heading for the stairs. Fisk pulls Annie onto the first car. * * * *

214 INT. FIRST CAR 214

Three people, sitting. Smiles at one of them. *

FISK *
Is this seat taken? *

Everyone clears off. All the cars are empty now as the doors close and the train starts moving. * *

215 INT. PLATFORM 215

Jack runs down the stairs, yelling. Sprints along the platform as the train starts pulling out of the station. He jumps, just grabs the end of the fourth car. * * *

216 INT. THE SUBWAY TRAIN 216

Fisk handcuffs Annie to a vertical handpole. He hands her the deadman stick.

FISK
You don't want to drop this. I'm counting on you.

He moves to the front of the car as the driver starts out of the compartment.

DRIVER
What the hell is going --

Fisk SHOOTS four time at point blank, sends him flying back into the compartment. Two of the shots blast the control panel. Annie cries out.

216A INT. THE SECOND CAR 216A

Crouching, Jack is making his way to the first car, leaving the connecting doors open as he goes. He peers into the first car as Fisk finishes shooting, just in time to see him retrieve the deadman's stick. *

FISK

Smiles at Annie as he takes it.

FISK
Maybe I better hold this after all. I'm afraid you're a little hysterical and might let go a mite early. It's not 'cause you're a woman.

He heads for the back and almost sees Jack. With nowhere to go, Jack climbs on top of the car. Fisk looks out at the other cars.

FISK
Looks like we're all alone. Nobody wanted this train.

ANNIE
You can let me go. You won, you beat Jack, you beat everyone. Throw me off the train, I don't care. Only let me go.

He speaks to her softly.

FISK
This stick works on a remote. See, when you explode, that's where they'll come. But it's not where I'll be.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

216A CONTINUED: 216A

FISK (Cont'd)
Mess like that, they don't even count the body parts. Gives me time. *

He brushes hair from her face.

FISK
It's not gonna hurt, Annie.

217 ON TOP OF TRAIN 217

Pipes and concrete ceiling whips by Jack's head. He checks his gun and a red conduit pipe RIPS it from his fingers. *

218 INT. THE CAR 218

Fisk and Annie HEAR the gun bouncing off the top of the car. Fisk looks up, smiles a little wildly. *

FISK *
Is that you, Jack? *
(to Annie) *
He's persistant. He always gets his man. *

He grabs the bag of money, opens it. Looks up again. *

FISK *
Don't suppose you'd be interested in a bribe, would you? *
(chuckles)
Got plenty to go around... *

Inside the bag, a dye pack explodes. *

Fisk looks down at his now useless money, some of the dye dripping like blue shadows on his face. He SCREAMS. * *

Still roaring, Fisk whips out his gun and pumps a round into the ceiling. * *

219 thru 226 OMITTED 219 thru 226

227 TOP OF THE TRAIN 227

Fisk's bullets come up all around Jack, the last one ripping into his arm. He clutches it, in agony. *

IN THE TRAIN

Fisk keeps firing unti the gun clicks repeatedly. Even then, it's hard for him to stop. *

ON TOP OF THE TRAIN

No more shots -- Fisk must be out of bullets. Jack starts inching for the back of the car. *

Fisk is right behind him. *

Unchecked fury mars his face more than the eerie dye. All semblance of control is gone. Roaring, he SLAMS his fist into Jack's face. *

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED: 227

He practically foaming at the mouth, hitting Jack with the hand that holds the deadman's stick. Jack is helpless; he's wounded and Fisk has the stick. He feebly tries to defend himself.

Fisk is on his knees over Jack. He starts hitting Jack in his arm wound. Jack nearly blacks out from pain.

FISK
What do you do, Jack? What do you do? You're so smart! Right, Jack? *
You little piece of shit! I got *
the plan! I'm smarter than you!
I'm smarter than you! *

JACK'S P.O.V.

Blurred, shifting. There is light on the ceiling. They're tearing through another station.

Jack suddenly pulls back his leg and SLAMS it into Fisk's solar plexus. Fisk flies back, standing straight up on his knees and:

A RED CONDUIT PIPE

meets his face.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED: (2) 227

SOMETHING ROUND

Bounces along the top of the train like a tin can discarded along a freeway...

FISK'S HAND

clenched in a literal death grip over the stick...it starts to loosen...

...and Jack GRABS the hand at the last second, closing it, taking the stick before Fisk's body even hits the top of the train. Jack holds the stick, out of breath.

JACK
Yeah, well, I'm taller.

228 INT. TRAIN 228

Annie turns warily at the sound of a door sliding open. Relief. It's Jack.

ANNIE
Fisk?

By way of reply, he holds the deadman's stick up, almost smiling. Annie looks very relieved. *

JACK
I ripped his head off. *

He takes off her vest and defuses the C-4 and neutralizes the deadman stick. Goes to the driver's compartment.

INT. DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT

Sparks. The equipment was shot to shit. Jack sees the braking controls, flips the switches. Nothing. Grabs the speed dial/lever and tries to pull it back toward the left, but it won't budge. It's jammed up. Pushes it forward -- the train goes FASTER. Tries the radio mike -- DEAD.

JACK

RUNS back into the passenger compartment.

JACK
C'mon, we gotta jump.

She shows him her handcuffs.

JACK
Shit!

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: 228

ANNIE
You can't stop it?

He pulls at the hand cuffs, pulls at her wrists, tries to unscrew the pole with a knife -- nothing.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED: (2) 228

THE TRAIN

barrels down the tunnel.

JACK

Goes apeshit. He kicks the pole, screaming with effort. Again. Again. Pulls at it. Pulls at her till her wrists bleed.

ANNIE
NoooooOOOWW!

He stops. Her eyes are wet.

ANNIE
Jack, you have to get off.

No way. He looks up at the map. There's a big curve, then dead end.

ANNIE
Jack, listen to me...the end of this line is solid rock. You have to jump. Goddamnit, I'm ordering you! Go!

He looks at her.

JACK
Faster.

ANNIE
Jack...

Going to the driver's compartment.

JACK
The only way to stop this thing is to make it go faster. There's a curve up ahead. We go fast enough we might jump the track, hit something besides a dead end.

INT. THE DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT

Turns the knob hard right, comes back out..

ANNIE
This is bullshit, Jack. You have to get off this train, Jack! Jack!

He says nothing. Comes up to the pole she's at, holds on. Braces himself. She falls silent as well. Loops her cuffs around him. Holds him tight. They wait.

The train ROARS along the track...

229 INT. HIGHLAND STATION 229

Still under construction. At the end of the station the track dead-ends into a ROCKFACE.

230 JACK AND ANNIE 230

brace themselves...

JACK
C'mon...Let's go...

231 EXT. THE TRAIN 231

Barreling through the station... it's going way too fast, but it's holding the tracks.

232 JACK AND ANNIE 232

Jarred by the rough ride. The lights flicker on and off. Smoke from overheated engines rises into the car.

233 INT. TUNNEL 233

The construction crews are fleeing. A truck speeds off up the ramp, hauling dirt out.

THE TRAIN

Hits the curve. The rain wheels SPARK on the rails, SCREECH.

234 JACK AND ANNIE 234

Eyes shut, holding tight.

235 THE TRAIN 235

Jumps the tracks. The wheels come off the rails. The trailing subway car twists off and stays on the main track, CRASHES into the rockface.

THE TRAIN

With Jack and Annie skids sideways up the ramp... Steel SHEARS the car in half... The front half continues to skid and roll up the ramp and...

236 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - THE TRAIN 236

...appears. Above ground, like a breaching whale, skidding and crashing and finally resting on its side in front of the Chinese Theater, to the amazement of dazzled onlookers. Jack and Annie visible through the now-open back of the car.

CUT TO:

237 INT. TRAIN 237

Jack and Annie sit up, find they are all right. The pole has been wrenched from the ceiling and Jack pulls Annie's hands free. They suddenly kiss, desperately alive.

ANNIE
You didn't leave me...
(looks him in the eye)
You didn't leave.
(holds him again)
My god...

JACK
I didn't have to be anywhere just then.

ANNIE
How boring? *

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED: 237

JACK
What?

ANNIE
How boring are you? I mean, is it really scary? *

JACK
(thinks a moment)
I watch bowling on TV.

ANNIE
Okay.

JACK
Sometimes when I watch bowling, I get excited and I cheer.

ANNIE
Ooh. Well...

JACK
Annie, it's over. You can walk away.

She takes his hand, quickly and gently clicks the other cuff on him, joining them.

JACK
Whatever you say, Ma'am...

And they sit awhile.

TOURISTS WITH CAMERAS *

arrive on the scene. Train their cameras on the kissing pair.

FADE OUT

THE END

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